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1911

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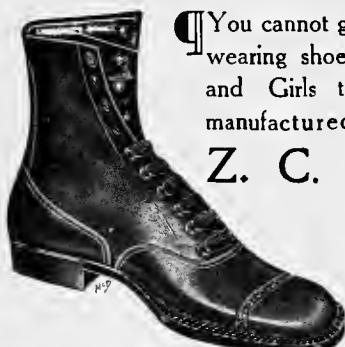
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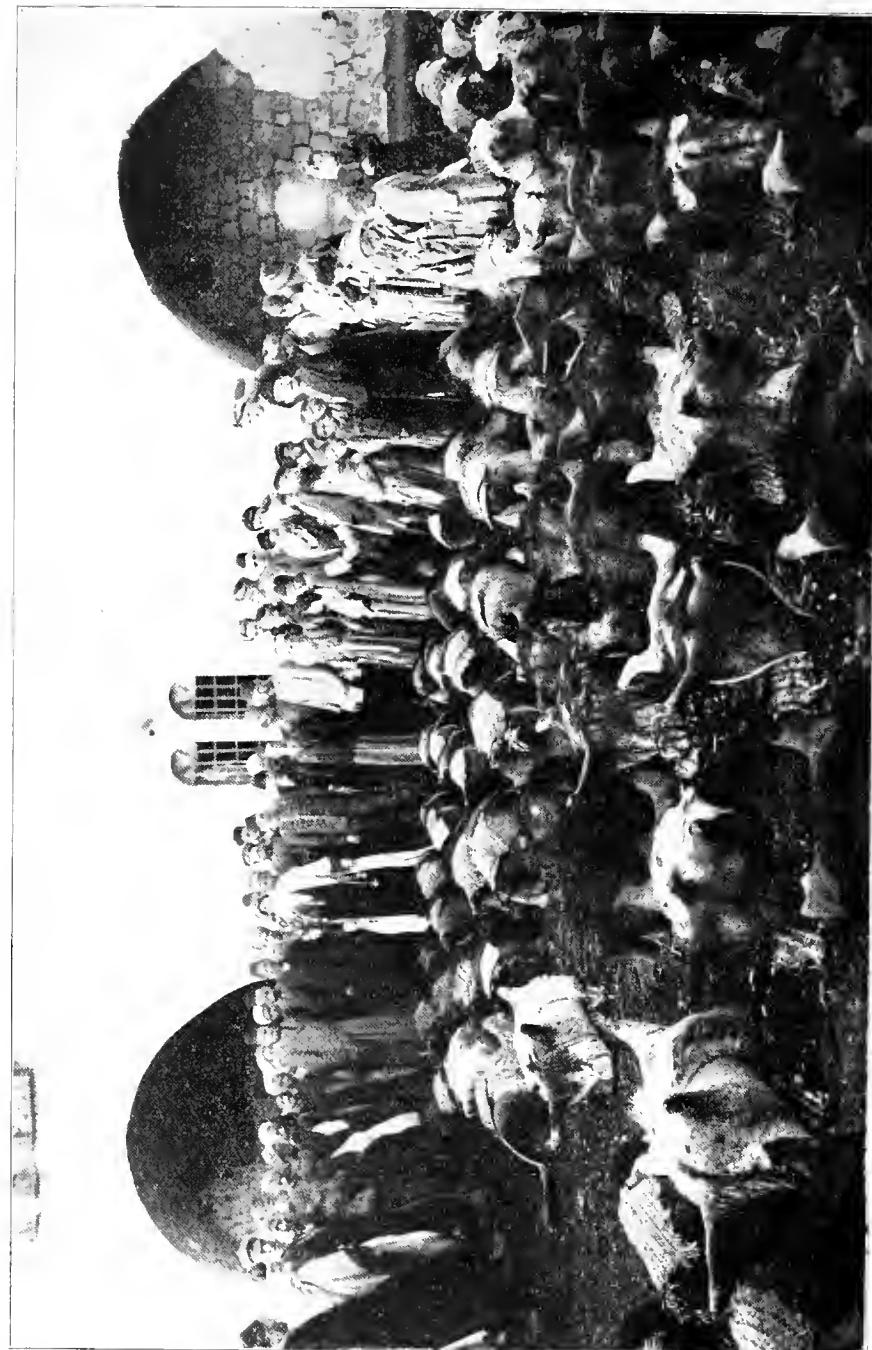
DETHRONED.

By Bertha A. Kleinman.

O I was a queen for a gladsome while,
With a realm to sway that was mine, all mine,
 Mid never a liegeman's nay;
And I ruled with a fervor benign and deep,
Believing my scepter was mine to keep,
 Forever and e'en a day.

But he lies over there in his sumptuous sway,
The despot who came to my realm today,
 And littled my edicts all,
With deference never, nor word, nor claim,
Who wrested my own for his own domain,
 With me for his contrite thrall.

I yield up my tenure with never a sting,
I battle henceforth but to serve my king,
 And sue for his princely peace—
His vassel attending, his minstrel I,
To croon when he wills it, his lullaby,
 And sun in his gay caprice.



MAKING THE GOAT SKIN WATER BOTTLES OF PALESTINE.

Mountford-Johnson Photo.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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Goatskin Water Bottles of Palestine.

By *Charles E. Johnson.*

One of the first problems confronting man as he emerged from the primitive state and began to assemble in communities was the transportation of water for household purposes. Probably his first thought was to fold into cup shape the broad leaf of a plant, then perhaps a hollowed gourd served the purpose. No doubt from that period on various expedients were adopted until the time when he discovered that the skin of an animal, carefully removed, could be tanned, thus making a vessel much more serviceable than any he had hitherto used. It may seem strange to readers of the JUVENILE that in Palestine, up to the present time, nothing better has been devised for carrying water, and this relic of antiquity is still to be seen in the streets of the Holy City.

That there is a regular demand for water-carrying goatskins may be seen from the accompanying photograph. The tannery where these skins are made and where this picture was taken is located in Hebron, the ancient home of Abraham. The method employed in perfecting the water bottles is, first, the removal of the skins from the goats, making the fewest possible incisions. Next, the openings which are made from necessity are tightly sewed, the skins filled with tan-liquor and laid in the tan yard to ripen, the hair having been left intact. After some manipulation and changing the liquor at frequent intervals

the bags are found to be soft, pliable and watertight. They are then ready for sale and are purchased by the professional water carriers, of whom there are a great many in Jerusalem and Palestine generally. These car-



WATER CARRIERS IN JERUSALEM.

riers bring spring water into the city from the various fountains where it is furnished them free, and after they have carried it a long distance, they

receive from four cents to fifteen cents for each skinful, which holds from twelve to twenty gallons.

The principal supply of water in Jerusalem is obtained by catching the rain water in cisterns which they call "wells." A strange feature is that

this water does not become stagnant and is used by many of the people for all purposes, including drinking. Those who can afford it, however, make arrangements with a carrier to deliver water daily according to their needs.

The Successful Sunday School Worker.

[Sunday School Workers are invited to contribute brief articles to this column. It is not intended to devote the space to lengthy essays, but to short, terse suggestions concerning the Sunday School work. We want your ideas.—The Editors.]

A Spirited Opening.

He was rather boyish looking but had a certain degree of manhood's strength sticking out of his face, as he stepped briskly up to the pulpit to pray. He came up in response to a call or invitation of a very sleepy assistant superintendent to open the Sunday School session with prayer. Why should I criticize the superintendency? This boy did that unknowingly by his very manner. He was prompt, he was business-like. His look was so full of life that it became at once a command for order—an order which by the way was instantly obeyed. It is not strange that because of the intense life he displayed and interest reflecting from his face, the entire mixed Sunday School congregation responded almost simultaneously.

But now I come to the most wonderful part of his conduct. Looking squarely at the children and not over them, he said, "Brother Blank has called upon me to tell our Father in Heaven how we all feel toward Him this morning, and to ask Him for some needed blessings. Now I want you all

to follow me very closely. I shall not pray long, and it will be easy for you to understand what I say."

And this is what he said:

"Our Father in Heaven: this is a beautiful morning and we thank Thee for it. Our hearts are full of gladness as the sky is full of sunshine. We pray to Thee in thanksgiving for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and we testify in humility that we know it is the everlasting truth."

"This morning we desire that Thy Holy Spirit rest abundantly upon us, that order and interest may be our watchword. In the name of our Redeemer Jesus Christ. Amen."

It is quite possible that it was not the tone of his voice, nor the fact that he said just what he did that impressed the school. I do not think that he had any more of the Spirit than is usually given to man. But I do think that his alert, wide-awake desire for righteousness, and the common sense he displayed when he made a short prayer for children, were the elements creating his success.

CHAS. HERMAN.

Happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—Douglas Jerrold.

Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

By Nephi Anderson.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

Julia Elston lived with her father at Piney-Ridge Cottage, a small farmhouse situated near a spring of water at the base of the mountains. All around lay the desert. Here this girl grew up, tutored by her well-read father and the district schools.

Some time after her graduation from the grades she is asked to teach the summer term of the district school. Though timid, she accepts, and has some trying but interesting experiences both with the children and the somewhat ignorant school-trustees.

Chester Lawrence, a young man from the East, comes to "spy out the land" about Piney Ridge Cottage. He has a conversation with Julia, then he writes the results of his findings to his mother. Wishing to become better acquainted with Julia and her father, especially Julia, he attends with them the Sunday School and meeting. He hears "Mormonism" and is favorably impressed.

Julia now perceives that there is something untold to her between her father and Mr. Lawrence. She speaks to her father about it, and he tells her the story of his early life—that he had been married before, which she knew; that his first wife had left him years ago because she was jealous of her mother; and that Chester Lawrence was the son of his former wife by an unknown father.

As Julia is riding across the mountains to get the threshers to come to Piney Ridge, she meets Chester Lawrence, who is mining on "Old Thunder" mountain. Together they ride to Rock Creek. The next day they go back, she visiting with him his mine on the way. They talk on many topics, while together. He draws from her her knowledge of books, her views of life, and especially her religious belief; and as she talks in her simple, unpretentious way, the young man is intensely interested, both in the girl herself and in what she says. As they part that day, he asks her if he may call at Piney Ridge Cottage.

The young man from the East again visits the Sunday School and the service, after which he is invited by Mr. Elston to accompany him to Piney Ridge Cottage. Another young man also rides out with them—Glen Curtis, a school teacher and friend of Julia's from childhood. The two young men enjoy a well-cooked dinner, prepared and served by Julia. Their spirits are alternatingly high and low as Julia's attention is di-

rected first to one and then to the other. Glen gives up hope, and goes away disheartened. That evening when father and daughter are alone, they have a plain heart to heart talk on Julia's position and her relationship to the two young men.

The next day the threshers come to Piney Ridge Cottage. Glen and Chester help in the threshing, and Julia cooks a big threshers' meal. Chester, especially, is much interested in the novel scene. After the hard day's work is over, Julia brings a letter to her father. It has the "Box B" stamp on it, and within is a call for Hugh Elston to go on a mission to Great Britain.

There is a farewell party given to Hugh Elston in the Piney Ridge schoolhouse, at which all his friends and neighbors were present. After the program and the picnic, there is dancing. Neither Glen nor Chester dance with Julia for reasons of their own. Chester came with Julia and her father, which makes Glen think Chester is her partner. Heartsick and depressed, Glen is going when Julia asks him to go out in the open air with her where she chides him for his neglect of her. Before they separate at the schoolhouse door, Glen has told her of his love for her.

Mr. Elston lets his farm and cottage, and he and Julia go to Salt Lake City. Julia is to stay with an Aunt Jane Borden and attend school while her father is away. Aunt Jane has two daughters, Rose nineteen and Marcie twenty-two. Julia learns of city life, goes to conference and listens to a concert given in the Tabernacle. That evening she goes to sleep with the noise of street cars, mixed with imaginary tones of the great organ—with mingling thoughts of Glen and Chester and Piney Ridge Cottage.

XIV.

Julia was awakened next morning by Aunt Jane's calling upstairs to the girls: "Marcie, Rosie—come, get up. It's time to get up."

From the girls' room there came some protesting sounds,—there was a creaking of bed springs, then silence.

Presently, the mother came again to the foot of the stairs.

"Rosie," she shouted, "Marcie, you've just fifteen minutes, and not a minute longer. Come, get up. Your breakfast is ready." The voice disap-

peared into the kitchen and mingled with the rattle of dishes. The girls moved again as if getting out of bed with yawning reluctance. "Are you up, girls?" came from below. "Oh, ye—e—s," was the response. "Well, hurry. The pancakes are getting cold." The bustling grew louder as the girls jumped about as if just realizing they were late. Julia also got up. She thought it the safer plan, though she hardly knew what was expected of her. The door to the girls' room opened and Rose half dressed bawled down to her mother.

"Ma, oh ma—are my shoes down there? I must have left them in the kitchen last night—and Ma, bring up my side-combs, will you. I believe they're in the window in the dining room."

Presently Aunt Jane came laboriously up the stairs, talking to, or rather about those careless girls who would never learn. She looked in at Julia who was nearly dressed. "And are you up, too? There was no hurry for you; but these girls must get to work, and what a time I have with them. Did you sleep well, dear?"

"I must have slept fast when I got started," replied Julia, "for the first thing I knew it was morning. The cars bothered me a little."

"Yes; they're just awful noisy; but we're used to them. Girls, are you coming?"

"In a minute, Ma."

Julia went down with Aunt Jane, listening in a sort of fascinated silence to the easy-moving tongue. She found her father sitting on the front porch reading the morning paper. Then in a few moments there was a rushing of feet down the stairs. "Breakfast's ready," announced Aunt Jane. The two went in. "We'll not have time for prayers this morning," said the mother. "The girls are late—as usual. Sit down everybody—Hugh, will you please ask the blessing?"

Rose and Marcie hurriedly swallowed a platter of mush, talking between spoonfuls to Julia about the pro-

gram for the day. Tomorrow, being Sunday, they would not have to run away from her like this. The last bit of mush was gulped, and with a slice of bread and butter half-eaten they jumped from the table, pinned on their hats and sped out into the street where the car was just stopping on the corner. Julia watched them through the window until they were safely on and away.

"You're not used to such rush out on the farm, are you," said Aunt Jane: "but here it's just one continual whirlwind all the time. I'm nearly worn out by it, and I tell you, I long for the quiet of my old home down in Altone. City life has its advantages, but—have some more toast. You mustn't lose that good country appetite. Those girls of mine just pick and nibble. I don't see what they live on. It's telling on Marcie. I don't believe she gets enough to eat, nor enough rest. That's why I let them sleep as long as possible in the morning—though it *is* a job to get them up."

"They ought to go to bed earlier," remarked Mr. Elston.

"That's true enough, but how are they to do it? They're out every night in the week. What with meetings and clubs and socials and picnics and outings to mountain and lake, they never get in until ten or twelve o'clock. You saw how it was last night and this morning—it's always like that."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Julia, unthinkingly.

"Yes; you might well be astonished. I suppose it looks funny to you."

"I see," remarked Mr. Elston, taking advantage of an opening Aunt Jane had given, "that you are not as young as you used to be. You're working too hard."

"But we must live. There's cleaning, and cooking, and baking, and sewing—and a lot of other things that I must do."

"Don't they help you?" asked Julia.

"Help? They couldn't; they haven't time; besides type-writing and measuring ribbons are all they know how to do."

"Gracious," exclaimed Julia again, at which both the others laughed.

"Don't they have lessons to get—in Mutual and Sunday School?" continued the girl.

"Yes; they manage somehow to swim over them on Sunday afternoons."

"And when do they read?"

"Read! Oh, yes they do read. See that stack of books? Well, that's the 'best six sellers.' They read them on the cars going and coming from work, and during their dinner hour. They get through a good many of them, but I don't think it does them much good. * * * You'll have to go early to the Tabernacle to get a seat, but you have plenty of time yet." They arose, and Aunt Jane began to clear the table.

"Aunt Jane," said Julia.

"Yes."

"Do me a favor."

"Certainly. What is it?"

"You go out on the porch and talk to father, while I wash the dishes."

The woman looked curiously at Julia. "Why, of course I won't. The idea!"

"I think the idea's a splendid one," said her father. "Julia isn't used to sitting around and looking on while someone else works, and she would be miserable doing such a thing!"

"Neither am I used to it, I can tell you," responded Aunt Jane with vim.

"But it wouldn't hurt you to do it once in a while. The sensation might be a new one to you, but I believe you would enjoy it. Come on."

"Not much. You finish the paper, and Julia and I will wash the dishes."

So Julia could give her help only, though had the older woman known it, it would have given the girl much more pleasure to have seen Aunt Jane resting while Julia did her work. But

this good woman had made the mistake, as many other good men and women have, of thinking that she was doing her duty by waiting on her children. For years she had done everything for her daughters, until now they had come to look upon what their mother was doing for them as something justly due. Mothers like to serve their children, forgetting often that the children would be just as much pleased to serve the mother. Mothers rob their children of the sweet satisfaction of service by not training them to it from the beginning. "It is better to give than to receive," says the parent. If this is true of the parent, why is it not true of the children?

Julia and her father attended the meetings of the conference all that day. She enjoyed the music and the preaching of the leading authorities. The big crowds of people were a never-ending source of interest. The afternoon meeting was a big one, many people not being able to get a seat. The grounds overflowed with conference visitors. Friends were meeting friends and there was a general reunion of old acquaintances.

Sunday morning the girls managed to get ready in time for the first meeting. Aunt Jane said she had to stay at home to get dinner, and no amount of coaxing could change her purpose. None of them would come home, they said, but she answered that conference visitors might drop in any time, and she wanted to be ready. The Sunday meetings were too crowded anyway.

Rose and Marcie took Julia in hand that day, and introduced her to many of their friends. Julia did well. She realized she was not trained in the nice distinctions of social customs, therefore she decided to act just as natural as she could, and not to show her timidity; so she got along very well, and found that she could successfully carry on her part of the conversation. The girls were somewhat surprised to see that Julia was so well posted on general information, and at one time she came to their rescue by naming

to them the author of a certain book under discussion.

Sunday evening the "conference storm," came, so they all decided to stay at home, for which Julia was thankful. A number of young people called after supper, and there was singing and playing. Rose had a very good voice, which "Brother Stephens doesn't know of," said Marcie, "seeing she hasn't been invited to join the Tabernacle choir."

"He can't be expected to *know* all the good voices," remarked one of the boys—"hem!"

"Yours, for instance," said another.

"Well, modesty forbade me to say as much."

Monday there were more meetings, and Aunt Jane actually permitted Julia to remain at home while she went to meeting with Mr. Elston.

"Don't cook anything for dinner," she admonished. "The girls won't be home, and there's plenty left over from yesterday. Have a good rest and imagine you're out at Piney Ridge Cottage."

Julia, left to herself, did as Aunt Jane had suggested. Meanwhile, she looked at the books, thrummed a little on the piano, and even took pleasure in examining more closely the rooms of the house with the pictures on the walls and the brie-a-brac in the corners. Then she tried to read, but the story would skip to Piney Ridge and the people associated with it. From the window of the small upstairs room she looked out into the street, to the row of houses opposite. How close they were! Hardly room for a wagon to pass between them. She saw the houses crowded together, and then she thought of her own view from her own window, away out in the sage-brush. But she would *have* to forget home for a time. She would feel all right when she got started to school and got deep into her lessons. Then she tried to read again, and this time succeeded fairly well.

The conference days passed, and the time came for Mr. Elston to de-

part for his mission. The Wednesday following he was set apart and then he was ready. He and Julia had been together alone for several hours the evening before when he had talked to her, giving her such instructions as he thought she needed in her new home. Above all she was to be careful about the company she kept. "Stay close to Aunt Jane," he had said. "Don't go out late nights, unless you have the girls with you. * * * I shall have to trust to your good judgment and to the care of the Lord. He will protect you if you will do your part. Get acquainted with the bishop of the ward. Attend Sunday School and the Mutual. Make acquaintances among those who do likewise, for there is safety in that. Never forget your prayers. Remember you must do your part here or I cannot do my part in the mission. A mission always consists of two divisions: the one of actual preaching in the world; the other of the faith, prayers, and support of those at home. Each is of equal importance."

Then at the station came the parting. With streaming eyes Julia saw the train pull out and glide away from her down the track. He waved to them from the open window as long as he could see them. Then a curve took him out of sight, and Julia sobbed out her grief on Aunt Jane's shoulder. She felt that now she was in reality alone in the world.

XV.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Dear Father,
You have been gone over a month now, and it seems a year. My, how lonesome I get, and how I long for you and dear Piney Ridge Cottage! When you have finished your mission, we shall go back home, and never leave it, shan't we, father? I miss so much our quiet talks and our reading. They tell me here that they don't see how I stand the lonesomeness of Piney Ridge, but I tell them that I am more lonesome in a Main Street crowd than I am on the sides of Old Thunder--and it's true, too. I had no

idea that a person could get so lonesome in a crowd.

And my, how I miss my milk and cream! When I told the girls here that I lived on bread and milk, they stared

at me, then jokingly called me a calf. But I don't care. I haven't seen any real milk since I came. It doesn't taste like our milk—it doesn't even look like it; and cream! they don't know what



JULIA WRITES HER FATHER.

cream is, here. And eggs! Well, I can't eat them any more, no thank you. But enough about eating. I get all I need, which isn't as much as if I were a farmer's daughter—and partner.

Now I am going to talk about my neighbors, which, as you know, is forbidden at Piney Ridge Cottage; but as this isn't P. R. C. and you aren't here to correct me; and further, you asked me to be confidential and write you every thing, here goes: Our next door neighbors are just three and a half feet away. I don't even know their names. Of course, I might have learned had I asked, because I suppose Aunt Jane knows—but I haven't heard their names yet. Our nearest neighbor at home is three and one half miles away, and yet you know how well we are acquainted and how sociable we are. How we sometimes "just run over"—on horseback—to borrow a loaf of bread or a pound of butter. Such things aren't possible here because the store is so handy. Our neighbors on the other side of our house are a little more sociable. They belong more to our "set." They have a nice little boy—about nineteen—who talks to me over the fence. He is not a bit stuck up. He has a pony which he says he will let me ride.

Well, I have joined both the Sunday School and the Mutual. I haven't been on the program yet, for which I am thankful. But father, I have received a very, very sad disappointment. I had imagined that here in this big city the people would be so precise, so correct in everything that I was afraid I couldn't live up to their standard. I thought the young people here with all their advantages in the way of schools, churches, and social gatherings would be nearly perfect, at least in the way of deportment; but alas—what shall I say? I had better say nothing.

Well, now about school. It was all so strange at first, and the having to go from one room to another at the change of classes was odd; but I like the system as it is restful to change rooms and teachers. As I was late in beginning the principal thought I had better take

preparatory studies, at least for half a year. Then I might join the regular first year's class. I fear my "credits" weren't of a very high order, or at least they thought so. These must, as you know, be obtained at some well known school. "Piney Ridge Cottage" wasn't in the accredited list. They don't know, do they, how we two out in the big open valley by the groves read the Idyls of the Kings, the Merchant of Venice, Paradise Lost, and a lot more not so classical. So I had to take a special,

which is all right, I guess. There isn't much about teaching in it, but they say my studies will lead up to the teaching subjects. There must be a right foundation, you know. After a while I am going to learn how to cook—scientifically, so that, maybe, when you come home, you'll have potatoes *a la* something and currant pie made according to rule.

But really, the school is lovely. After the strangeness wore off, I could enjoy the spirit of the school more. The teachers are Latter-day Saints and they carry the spirit of the gospel into their classes. Every morning we have devotional exercises, where there is singing, prayer and a little preaching. Then we all go to the Theology Classes. I study the Book of Mormon, and it's just fine. The teacher brings out points that I had not thought of before. It's just like going to Sunday School every morning—and you know how I like Sunday School.

But I'll have to quit for today. I fear you will think that Aunt Jane's talk is catching.

Next day: This letter will have to have double postage anyway, so I am going to make it longer.

Dear father, I am more thankful every day that I have been trained to help myself, and not be dependent on others. You know how Rose and Marcie are. I think it's awful. They are so thoughtless that they don't see how their mother is getting old and weak. Yet they expect to be waited on as if they were children. I see to it that my coming hasn't increased her work. I hope it has decreased it, as I intend it shall. Every Monday we wash—Aunt Jane and I. I get up early and could have half of it done before breakfast if she would let me; but she will get up too and potter around. My, what a lot of white waists and other things the girls have to be washed and ironed—by their mother. I was afraid I couldn't iron the finery, but I watched Aunt Jane, and soon learned how. Rose and Marcie don't know yet that their waists are of my washing and ironing. I have learned that the excuse Aunt Jane gives for the girls is good only in part. I know their hours are long and tiresome but they could cut out some of their gadding. They would find that helping their mother would be a rest—a change is as good as a rest, as I told them the other day. Oh, yes, I'm getting over some of my timidity, and I speak right out sometimes.

"Do you know," I said to them, "that your mother is getting old?"

"Yes; I've noticed how gray her hair is," replied Marcie.

"And she's getting weak, too," said I, "not able to do as much work as she

used to do. I think you girls ought to help her."

"My, we haven't time for any house-work."

"Make time."

They looked at me so funny, for I said it emphatically.

"No one," I went on, "and especially a dear mother should ever wear her self out waiting on me, if I were able to wait on myself."

"Oh, you don't understand, Julia," they said.

"No; nor you either. If you understood what you are doing you would not do it. Perhaps you'll understand when your mother's gone—worked herself to death—perhaps," I added.

Well, they think I am a "funny" girl.

We are all well. Write me a long letter, and give me a good scolding for what I have written, if you like, but send also, as I send you much love, yours.

JULIA.

The very day that Julia mailed her long letter to her father she, as if in recompense, received one, not from her father, but from Chester Lawrence. It was dated at Chicago, and read as follows:

My Dear Sister Julia:

You said I might call you sister, and now I have a double right to do so: I was baptized two weeks ago today. I have restrained myself from writing to you until now, but I cannot longer resist. I hope you will be glad of the news, because I must tell you that you had much to do with the step I have taken. I never have been so happy in my life.

As you know, I have lived all my life under a cloud. Something seems to have been pressing me under all the time; but now, thanks be to the Lord, and shall I say, to you, I feel as light as a feather. The cloud has lifted and I am beginning to see more clearly the beautiful blue of the sky of life.

I have not taken this step rashly, and it hasn't been altogether easy. You perhaps know that my foster parents would not send me to my mother for fear that

would grow up to be a "Mormon;" and now to think that I have joined that Church anyway after all their pains to keep me from it—well, it has nearly broken their hearts. Mother, somehow doesn't take it so badly as I had expected her to do. She doesn't say much now. She is getting a little old and feeble. I believe that deep down in her heart she knows "Mormonism" is true,

thongh she never will say it in so many words.

So you can see that I have had just a little trial, though I ought not to call it a trial, when I think of the blessings I have found.

Let me tell you just what it was that decided me. Of course I read everything I could get—some things against also. Then I hunted up the elders wherever I went, as well as here in Chicago, and invariably I found them to be possessed of the same kindly yet enthusiastic spirit. This was noticeable, for this uniformity does not exist among the preachers of the other churches. I read in the Scriptures that the spirit of Christ is one: this then was a testimony. Again I found the elders to be clean men. None of them smoked, drank, or ever told bad stories. They might be rough and uncouth in their ways, but they were clean morally, and that appealed to me strongly. These boys, thinks I, are fair samples of the great majority of the "Mormons." I had been led to believe that the "Mormons" were a bad people—this had been bred into me, and it was not easy to change. Yet here was the undeniable truth. There is something strange, I thought, in a condition wherein a people are universally and persistently called bad, when in truth, they are not bad. I found my answer to that also in the Scriptures. So I went on step by step in my investigation, and each time "Mormonism" won out.

Now to the point of decision. A tree must be judged by its fruits. You, Julia, are a product of "Mormonism." A system that produces girls like Julia Elston must be superlatively good. You grew up apart from the world, apart from its active influences. "Mormonism" was born and bred in you, and it has nourished you until now. I know in a small degree what you are. I have caught a glimpse of your heart, and seen partway into the depths of your soul. Up there on the sides of Old Thunder, next to heaven, that was—and at other times. Then I said, If "Mormonism" has made this girl, it must begin its moulding force on me—and that just as soon as possible. I was baptized.

I am going to Utah again. Something draws me westward. I am going to give up for good my business here and find something out there with you. I want mother to go with me, but she says no. She is not strong enough for the journey, she claims. I have told her all about you, and she listens quietly. I don't know what she thinks. I wish you could get acquainted with her. She couldn't help loving you, I am sure.

You did not tell me in your last let-



JULIA READING CHESTER'S LETTER.

ter your father's address. Please don't forget this time as I want to write him. May I hope for an early reply to this letter? I expect to be in Salt Lake by Christmas. I would like to hear from you before I leave here.

I am sincerely yours,
CHESTER LAWRENCE.

Julia, after finishing the letter, looked a long time out of the window.

The short day was closing, and there were signs of snow in the air. She was glad that Chester had joined the Church, and yet the joy for her was not altogether perfect. Would he stick to it? Did he join for a purpose other than for the truth and his soul's salvation? No; she did not think so. He seemed to her always to be

so sincere, so gentle, so open-hearted. She liked him, and his company; yet she wished that evening he would not come to Salt Lake. Why, she could not tell.

The click of the sewing machine came up to her from down stairs. Aunt Jane had been working on a dress for Rose for a week. It was to be finished that evening, but the work was behind. Aunt Jane had not been well, so she could not sit steadily at the sewing. This particular dress was to be a fine one for an especially grand occasion. Julia had seen the mother's unusual worry and she had lessened her other duties as much as possible.

Julia opened her letter, turned to the dim light to see if she could read it again; but it was too dark. She placed it on the dresser, and went down stairs. Just then the front door opened and closed with a bang, as Rose rushed in, hung up her hat, and threw her coat across a chair.

"My dress ready yet?" she asked.
"No, dear."

Rose went to the machine and looked at the dress, far from being finished. "Oh, Ma, you said you'd have it done—and now, what in the world shall I do!"

"I've done my best, but I've not been able. Turn on the light, Julia, and we'll see if it can't be done yet. Julia can help with the button holes, and you Rose—"

"But, Ma, I need every minute of time to get ready." The girl picked up the dress and held it out ruefully. "But what's the use," she said bitterly. "You can't possibly have it done by the time I need to put it on. Oh, Ma, I just think this is awful!"

The mother with trembling fingers gathered up the dress again. She was very quiet, noticeable in Aunt Jane.

"Julia, you get some supper for yourself and the girls. I'll go on with the dress."

Rose, as did Julia, saw that the task was hopeless. Then tears of un-

controlled anger and resentment came into Rose's eyes. She rushed upstairs to her room, sobbing out her bitter disappointment.

The machine clicked again. Julia went into the kitchen. A big lump was in her throat. She replenished the fire in the range, placed the tea-kettle on. Wouldn't they eat in the kitchen? she asked, seeing the dining room table was littered with sewing that ought not to be disturbed. "Yes," replied Aunt Jane, not looking up from her work.

Julia busied herself in the kitchen. Click, click went the machine in the other room, then it stopped and did not start again. Julia was glad she had got through with the long seams. The machine was an old one and hard running. Supper was about ready. Should she go in and help with the button holes? Should she? Rose just deserved to get left, the way she treated her mother—but—well, for Aunt Jane's sake she would.

The front door again opened and Marcie entered more deliberately. She was not bidden to the grand affair; she had time to hang up both her coat and hat. Julia heard her say something to her mother, then came a scream, and an excited call of "Rose, Julia!"

Julia pushed the swinging door open and saw Marcie bending over her mother whose head lay helplessly on the machine.

"Mother, mother," called Marcie. "Oh, what's the matter." The girl lifted up her mother's head. Her face was pale with a cruel red mark on her cheek where it had hit a sharp point on the machine. "Rose," shouted Marcie again, "Mother's—oh, Julia, is she dead?"

"No, no—she has just fainted. She isn't dead—be quiet."

Rose appeared in the doorway, and with a cry ran to her mother. They lifted the limp form from the chair by the machine to the sofa. Then they bathed her face, and unloosed her clothing, and in a few minutes she

opened her eyes. She lay perfectly quiet, but looked strangely around. This was an entirely new experience, both for her and the girls. A sigh of great relief escaped them when they saw the mother revive.

"Mother, are you better? What can we do for you? How did you hurt your face like this?"

The mother was quiet, but as the girls plied her with questions, she at last said in a weak voice, "I just want



HER HEAD FELL HELPLESSLY ON THE MACHINE.

to rest." Then she turned and closed her eyes again. After a time when they had assured themselves that she was sleeping, they drew a cover over her, and turned out the light. In the kitchen by the uneaten supper the girls talked.

"Mother has never done this before," said Marcie.

"No; she has never been so weak and so tired before," said Julia.

"I guess we're thoughtless," suggested Marcie.

"Your mother," continued Julia, "has worn herself out—for—working for you girls—and you do not seem to understand it."

The others said nothing. This was no time to resent Julia's "preaching"

as they had called it; besides they could not deny what she said.

"She must have fainted and fallen on the machine. That's an awful bump she got," remarked Marcie.

"Yes;" explained Julia, "I heard the machine going as she worked on Rose's dress, which it seems, *had* to be ready; then the machine stopped and I thought she was through with it."

Rose with new tears in her eyes spoke at last. "Suppose she had died," she said.

"She *will* die some day," said Julia. "Girls, let's try to remember that *now*. We'll not forget it afterwards, but oh, how much better to keep it in mind now, *now*—"

"And act accordingly," added Rose through her flowing tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

October.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

The music of the wave is in her tread,
Her lips all wreathed are by that content
Which rests but on the face of one alone,
Who at the last dare count life's hours well spent.

The glory born from out a gleaming west,
Hath tinged her cheek with rapture of its glow,
While she as if responsive to the kiss,
Doth unto a more perfect stature grow.

From Cere's gifts her arms have tired grown,
She lays them 'pon the altar of the year,
And as some radiant bird of tropic birth,
Disturbed, doth soaring seek another sphere,

Its brilliant plumage downward fluttering,
She passes o'er the hill crest, through the glen,
More potently the earth transfiguring,
Than art of aught immortal brush or pen.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - OCTOBER, 1911

True Education.

The Church stands for education. The very purpose of its organization is to promulgate truth among men. Members of the Church are admonished to acquire learning by study, and also by faith and prayer, and to seek after everything that is virtuous, lovely, of good report or praiseworthy. In this seeking after truth they are not confined to narrow limits of dogma or creed, but are free to launch into the realm of the infinite, for they know that

"Truth is truth where'er 'tis found,
Whether on Christian or on heathen ground."

Indeed, one of the fundamental teachings of the Church is that salvation itself depends upon knowledge;

for, says the revelation, "No man can be saved in ignorance," and again, "If a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."

But gaining knowledge is one thing and applying it quite another. Wisdom is the right application of knowledge; and *true education*—the education for which the Church stands—is the application of knowledge to the development of a noble and God-like character.

A man may possess a profound knowledge of history and of mathematics; he may be authority in psychology, biology, or astronomy; he may know all the discovered truths pertaining to geology and natural science, but if he has not with this knowledge that nobility of soul which prompts him to deal justly with his fellowmen, to practice virtue and holiness in personal life, he is not a truly educated man.

Character is the aim of true education; and science, history and literature are but means used to accomplish the desired end. It recognizes that character is not the result of chance work, but of continuous right thinking and right acting.

True education seeks, then, to make men and women not only good mathematicians, proficient linguists, profound scientists or brilliant literary lights, but also honest men, combined with virtue, temperance, and brotherly love—men and women who prize *truth, justice, wisdom, benevolence, and self-control* as the choicest acquisitions of a successful life.

It is regrettable, not to say deplorable, that modern education so little emphasizes these fundamental elements of true character. The prin-

pal aim of many of our schools and colleges seems to be to give the students purely intellectual attainments, and to give but passing regard to the nobler and more necessary development along moral lines. This is particularly noticeable along the lines of self-control. Notwithstanding the study of hygiene in our public schools and the hundreds of books written in condemnation of the use of tobacco and alcoholic beverages, thousands of our school children are sapping their intellectual strength and blunting their moral sensibilities by the pernicious use of the cigarette and other forms of tobacco. The small percentage of these who reach college, add to the tobacco the drinking habit, and to this sexual indulgence that leaves them stranded as moral wrecks before they are scarcely launched on their life's journey.

General education would be much more effective in producing true manhood and pure womanhood if it gave more attention to the virtue of self-control and self-denial. The student who learns to control his appetites and desires, and to deny himself for the comfort and well being of others, is more truly educated than the selfish, self-indulgent pedant. This self mastery comes as the result of continuous overcoming—resisting a temptation of appetite this hour, overcoming a tempting desire the next.

"It is impossible," says Charles Wagner, "to be brotherly, to love, to give one's self, unless one is master of himself." If this one element in true education were emphasized by teachers, and practiced in early life by resisting even only those temptations that appeal to the appetite, our school system would be open to less severe censure than it is today.

In the meantime, let the Church continue its work in the interest of true education; and the Church schools and Sunday Schools ever keep before them the fact that only in true education lies the safety of the

home, the state and the nation, and that "In God's word we have a perfect standard both of duty and character, that by the influence of both, appealing to the best principles of our nature, we may be roused to the noblest and best efforts."

Arraignment of Colleges and Universities.

A remarkable statement has just been made in a publication called *The Valve World* by Mr. R. T. Crane, its owner. Mr. Crane strongly arraigns the colleges and universities of America and presents some alarming statistics which he claims to have secured through the spending of much time and money, concerning the prevalence of drinking and gambling among the students of our great institutions of learning. He especially arraigns Columbia, Harvard, Princeton and Cornell, awarding the palm for evil to the first named. He claims that 90 per cent of the students of Harvard drink in their freshman year, 95 per cent in their senior year, and that 15 per cent of them go irrevocably to the bad. Mr. Crane is bitter in his denunciation and declares that colleges do more harm than good.

The following is a part of the Associated Press report of Mr. Crane's article:

"An outsider can scarcely realize the amount of drinking that goes on in the clubrooms of the colleges. Referring particularly to Harvard, I estimate the number of students who combine in a mild degree wine and bad women, 65 per cent; who drink heavily, 35 per cent, and who have two and three 'baths' a year also 46 per cent. I do not doubt that even worse states of affairs exist in other colleges. At Princeton, it is beer, beer, beer. The body of students, in my mind, drink even more than Harvard men. On one occasion I believe there must have been more than 300 students dead drunk.

"Alcohol drinking is recognized in so large a degree that clubs have their tables in barrooms. I never was so shocked in my life as when I found New Haven the dissolute, debauched and whisky

town that it is. Some time ago the statement appeared in a New Haven paper that there were 2,000 fallen women in that city.

"At Cornell the conditions are somewhat the same, although I believe Cornell students do not carry their excesses so far as do those at Princeton, Yale and Cambridge. The Cornell boys are great on beer, as are also the men at Princeton.

"At Columbia, I believe there exists more debauchery than any other college, on account of its proximity to the famous resorts of the city. If further proof be necessary, let me quote from a letter received from E. C. Mercer, who is

special secretary of the Association of Colleges of North America, and who is following this matter up for the association, which shows that it has taken upon itself the work of reforming college men. He is delivering a lecture entitled 'College Men I Have Met in the Slums and Prisons of New York.' He says:

"I did say, and have written proof to back me up, that I have met personally and have heard from the most reliable authorities of some 1,200 college bred men in the slums, prisons, jails and sanitariums who were down and out through fast living. The noted bread line in our city has constantly in it college-bred men."

The Hyrum Second Ward Sunday School.

Our issue for August contained a picture of the officers and teachers of the Hyrum Second Ward Sunday School. A brief article concerning the school should have been printed with the picture, but was omitted on account of lack of space. The high standard of excellence attained by this school makes it a pleasure to again call our Sunday School workers' attention to it.

Referring to the picture, the officers will be found in the following order: 1, Charles C. Peterson, Supt.; 2, L. D. McBride, First Assistant; 3, Charles A. Nielsen, Second Assistant; 4, Addella Allen, Secretary; 5, Nellie Johnson, Treasurer; 6, Alfred J. Peterson, Chorister; 7, Vinnie Nielsen, Organist; 8, Lola Johnson, Assistant Organist; 9, A. A. Allen, Bishop of the Ward.

The school has been organized a little over nine years, Alvin Allen being its first Superintendent. At the present time there are twenty-three officers and teachers enrolled with an average attendance of 92 per cent. All the members of the ward between the ages of four and twenty numbering two hundred and thirty are enrolled in the school with an average attendance of 86 per cent. Last year the average attendance of pupils was 80 per cent. All officers and teachers of the ward are tithe payers, and nearly all are strict observers of the Word of Wisdom. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is in the homes of all. Over 70 per cent attend the 9:30 prayer meeting and the Thursday night preparation meeting. The motto of the school is *Union and Success.*

Smile.

"Something each day—a smile,
It is not much to give:
But the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.

"The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year."

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department.

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR NOVEMBER, 1911.

While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember, and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1911.

[In order that our young people may be fortified with at least a few pointed scriptural quotations on different phases of some of the principles of the gospel, and which if followed consecutively, will lead "from faith to faith" and from knowledge to knowledge, we suggested for October, a short recitation for each Sunday of the month, all bearing upon the principle of Faith. For November, we offer three recitations on the subject of Repentance, one to be given on each of the first second, and third Sundays of the month. On the last Sunday recite all the recitations given for the month.

With a brief, forceful explanation by the one charged with the concert recitation work of the school, we believe these can be made so interesting to our members that they will take pleasure in memorizing them, and they will prove of great value hereafter.]

FIRST SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5th—NECESSITY OF REPENTANCE.

(Luke 13:3.)

I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

SECOND SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12th—JESUS CALLS FOR REPENTANCE.

(Mark 1:14, 15.)

Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, And saying, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel."

THIRD SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19th—BENEFIT OF REPENTANCE.

(Acts 3:19.)

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

The Word of Wisdom

Inquiry has been made as to the scope of the Word of Wisdom. One correspondent asks if it comprehends keeping late hours, over-work, excessive amusements, etc. Of course, wisdom dictates that all these things are injurious to the body, and those who indulge in them must suffer to the extent of the violation of the laws of health; for nature demands the full penalty for every law transgressed.

However, the Word of Wisdom, as it is used in the standard of requirements of a Sunday School officer or teacher refers only to the specific things mentioned in Doctrine and Covenants, Section 89. Here "strong drink" and tobacco are condemned as food and stimulants, and "hot drinks" are declared to be injurious. Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch, in a sermon preached subsequent to the announcement of this revelation, defined hot drinks as including tea and coffee.

For our own good as well as for the good name of the Church, all Sunday School officers and teachers ought to have sufficient self-control to resist all temptations to indulge our appetites in intoxicating beverages, tobacco, tea, coffee, and soda fountain drinks known to be injurious. Science as well as the Word of God, declares that those who do so "shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures, and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint, and the destroying angel shall pass by them, and not slay them."

Keep Your Promises.

Many a woman who would not think lightly of breaking a promise is utterly *careless* about keeping her word with her children. She promises whatever is

convenient at the moment, and apparently thinks that the breaking or keeping of these promises is a matter in which she can please herself, and that her children have no right to consider themselves aggrieved if she does do so.

A mother who acts thus does her children grievous harm. She forgets that the sense of justice is strong in quite a little child, and that it is natural and reasonable that he should expect his parents to be as good as their word, and to fulfill their promises, even at the cost of convenience. Promises should not be lightly spoken, and the parent who is guilty of this soon loses her children's confidence, which is one of the sweetest things our little ones can give us.

When boys and girls learn to doubt their parents' truthfulness they soon lose all trust in anyone.

Mother's Influence.

The influence of a fond mother has saved souls in the forming of character, and the memory of her and a happy home has always exercised a restraining power upon the passions of man. Mother love has two elements: sacrifice and devotedness. The duties of the Christian mother are solemn. She was free in entering into the compact, but once entered upon her course she became a power for the full force of the natural law and its consequent obligations for the good of the race and the preservation of public order. Maternal love implies devotedness. The mother is the great priestess of the natural order, her altar, the family fireside. While her husband is busy with the affairs of the world, into her hands is committed the care of an immortal soul, the most precious treasure ever fashioned by the hand of God.

Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.

Autumn Leaves.

WORDS BY ALVARETTA ENGAR.

MUSIC BY CHAS. J. ENGAR.

Andante Moderato.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and common time, starting with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in C major and common time, starting with a bass clef. The lyrics are written in a narrative style, describing the sights and sounds of autumn. The score includes several measures of music with corresponding lyrics, ending with a section labeled "rit. ad lib".

1. Autumn leaves are gent - ly fall - ing; See them floating ev - ery -
2. From the val - ley to the hill - side, Col - ors gleam of rich - est

where. Hear the soft winds' whisp'ring voic - es,
dye; Na - ture's clothed in glow - ing gar - ments;

Soon each bush and branch they'll bare. In her robes of green so
Sum - mer now has said good - bye. Au - tumn comes to ev - ery

love - ly, Moth - er earth has long been dressed; But she's
erea - ture, Bring - ing hints of pain and grief; Oh, may

changing her ap - par - el, Read - y soon for winter's rest.
ours be not un - love - ly Let us paint each fall - ing leaf.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

A Word to Our Workers.

We hope you are finding cheer and success in your labors. Our best wishes go to you. Encouraging reports are coming to us already on the new line of work we have lately entered upon. The coming year gives promise to bring to our Parents' Class work better returns than ever. We hope for a decided increase in membership, and a stronger enrollment of the younger parents than heretofore. You will all join us heartily in an effort to make our hope come true and God will bless your endeavors, we know.

May we advise again that you draw to your support all the good help you can secure in studying the line of work we are "opening up." There are many domestic science teachers among us who can give us good advice, and many successful mothers and fathers whose words of practical wisdom will be found excellent for all of our parents.

Don't forget the fathers in this matter. These subjects belong to them as well as to the mothers.

Parents' Socials. Keep up the Parent's Class spirit in your ward in every good way possible. A Parents' social often is an excellent way to promote it.

It was our pleasure to attend a delightful Parents' Class social given in the Eleventh Ward in Salt Lake City some nights ago, in honor of their teachers, Dr. Geo. W. Middleton and Dr. Jane Skolfield. A large number of the parents were out. The Stake Presidency, and bishopric were there. It was a warm-hearted occasion—brought the parents together in spirit, gave new zest to their work, showed appreciation of their teachers and stimulated Parents' Class work greatly. Get your parents together. If you

can't reach them all in Sunday School reach them otherwise.

Keeping Your Work before the Public.

Have you a newspaper in your community? Does it keep the people informed of your doings? Do you help it to do so by writing up brief paragraphs of news in the parents' department now and then, to tell what is the coming lesson; who is to lead out in the discussion of these vital topics; or give an account of a social you have planned or have had, and do you reach all the parents with your plans through this or other means? If not, why not?

The leading newspapers of our state seem glad to join us in our work. It helps them as it helps us. We appreciate what the press has already done, and feel that it will be glad to help further to promote the great cause. Get your newspapers interested. Help them to help you.

Building a Home.

REDUCING KITCHEN DRUDGERY.

The Kitchen Itself.

"The big kitchen is a cruel time waster." One of our most successful domestic science teachers of the state made the remark in reply to our question as to what suggestions she had to offer on reducing home drudgery. "Many women," she continued, "say that when they can pay for it, they are going to have a roomy kitchen; well, many of them get it; and then they do pay for it—pay for it dearly by wasting a good deal of their lives keeping it up."

"A kitchen should be compact, handy, convenient. Think of the kitchen in a Pullman dining car. Not an inch of space wasted there. Ever examine one? Well you should. Hundreds of people are served from that kitchen every day—only one cook usually to

do it. He couldn't do his work if he wasted a hundredth part of the energy many housekeepers do in their 'roomy' kitchen. Everything is within his arms' reach. No unnecessary work.

"That's the way our kitchens should be—handy, systematic, compact. We can't have them as the dining car has them, of course, but the same principle applies to all kitchens. If most of our home kitchens had half of them cut off, there would be room enough for every purpose to which a kitchen should be put.

"But people use their kitchens for almost every purpose," we suggested.

"That is where they make a serious mistake," she replied quickly. It's the most unsanitary, unsafe, expensive way of doing things. They pay dearly for it in the end. To live constantly in a kitchen is to invite sickness; to use it as a laundry is worse; and to sleep in it is danger itself. Let the kitchen be used exclusively as a kitchen and people will be healthier, wealthier and happier.

Cleanliness First of All.

"What thing would you demand first in kitchen construction? we asked.

"Sanitation should be our first thought; kitchens should be built and furnished so that they can easily be kept clean and sweet. This means good ventilation, plenty of light, smooth floors—either well painted and varnished, or covered with good linoleum. Inlaid is the cheaper in the long run, and it always looks well. The walls, too, should be painted and varnished, or oil-clothed and varnished. Unvarnished oil-cloth is hard to keep clean. Oil-cloth may be used as a base and kalsomine above. Use light colors; they are far more cheerful and easier kept clean. A simple pattern in linoleum and oil-cloth is best. Plain colors show every spot. The woodwork should be as simple as possible and well varnished. Even if painted, a coat of varnish should be

put on to give it a hard finish. The plumbing of the house, too, should be perfect. If there is one place in the house that should be easy to clean, one where no dirt should be tolerated—it is the kitchen.

Order and System in the Kitchen.

"Order and system, too, should mark the kitchen. 'A place for everything and everything in place' applies with full force here. This means handy cupboards, bins, etc. It means, too, that things that have no business in the kitchen shall be kept out. Too many people make their kitchens the 'catch all' for the whole house. They wouldn't think of doing that in their parlors. But the kitchen—well, everything seems to find place there. If I were called on to remodel the kitchens in most homes, I'd begin by throwing out of them every single thing that had no business there. People would be surprised, too, when I got through to see how much 'junk' they load into the kitchen. It takes too much time to work with useless things in the way.

"Housekeepers need to study this principle of order first of all. Many of them are clean as a pin, but their homes are always tumbled—not a tidy nook or corner in them anywhere.

Working to Time.

"Another thing that would reduce home drudgery greatly is working to time.

"Very few women work by the clock—hardest thing in the world to teach them. Yet if they did do it, their work would go a great deal easier than it does. Oh, you have no idea the struggle I have teaching girls the value of this habit of working to time. Yet there isn't a successful business in the whole world that doesn't do it. The business of home making will never be a striking success till it does come to time—mark that.

"Yes; but mothers have so many unexpected calls on them," we suggested.

"I know it, but there are many mothers who do work to time just the same. And they get through with their work with half the energy that other mothers take to do like things. It can be done to a far greater extent than most housekeepers imagine.

The Father's Part.

But mothers are not all to blame for this lack of order and doing things on time," we objected; "the fathers and children are responsible for upsetting a woman's plans very often, aren't they?"

"Indeed they are. They ought to be brought to time, too. Men have no right to make a woman's work twice as heavy and trying by their irregularity and careless habits. Many of them do it. They think they are good husbands, too; I think they are something of a nuisance. They ought to be made to realize that mother-energy is just as precious as father-energy, even though it isn't always measured in dollars and cents.

It takes co-operation on the part of both parents to make the home business go smoothly and successfully. As for the children, they should be trained from the first in habits of system and order and helpfulness. If the parents have these habits, the children will naturally get them. To be reared in a home where harmony, system, order, economy prevail is the best training possible for after life. No amount of training in school, no course in domestic science can take its place.

Training Hand and Head to Work Together.

"Is there any other suggestion you would offer as to making the kitchen work less a drudgery?" was the next query.

"Plan your work carefully. Lay it out systematically in mind before you go at it. It is shameful the time and energy wasted by planless, aimless working. To jump at work and fuss

and fume is not to do it. Five minutes' planning before hand would often save hours of work and worry. This applies not only to mother-work but to father-work, too. It is a most valuable habit, this 'making the head save the heels.'

"Another home-making habit most valuable is: doing one thing at a time. Train your brains to concentrate on the thing at hand; do it and drop it. Go to the next thing. One reason most housekeepers fail is that they worry over a dozen things while they are working at one. Perhaps their hands are washing dishes and their heads are thinking of the untidy bedroom. Smash! A cup is dropped! If people would only train their heads and hands to work together they would get over a great deal more work with half the waste of time and energy. It takes too much nerve force to worry; stop it.

"But how will you stop it?" we asked.

"Just as you stop any other bad habit. First, think how senseless it is; second, set to work to correct it; third, stay with it till you have trained yourself into a better habit. Anybody can get rid of a bad habit if he wants to strongly enough. One reason why these bad home habits stay with men and women is they don't stop to think how costly they are. We shall come to that time, however, when we will sit down and figure up the cost in dollars and cents just how much we are paying for waste of mother energy in running our homes; and when we do the fathers will be glad enough to reduce the kitchen drudgery in every possible way. Times are going to force us to study this problem of the handy kitchen, and the easily kept home far more than we do today. And when we study it carefully, a good many of our costly habits will be corrected.

Kitchen Work Fundamental.

"I may be thought an extremist, but I do feel that this kitchen business is

the fundamental business of life. No home can be really happy with a badly managed kitchen. More misery is being caused today by bad management of that business, than any other. Ask the doctors what are the effects of poor cooking, unclean food, and kitchen drudgery on women and men.

Kitchen Wastes.

"Our kitchen methods are wasteful, too, not only of precious woman energy, but of means. It is my opinion that our home grocery bills could be cut in half by economic buying, preparing and serving of our foods.

"What do you regard as the sources of greatest waste in this matter?" we inquired.

"Oh, the sources are many: but the greatest is probably improper preparation. It is almost unbelievable, but perhaps true, that one-third to one-half of our food must be thrown away because of burning it, or half cooking it. In cities, the amount that goes into garbage cans would, it is estimated, almost, if not entirely, feed the people, if properly prepared. In the country the waste is not noticed so much, because food is usually cheaper; besides, the waste may be fed to chickens and hogs and thus turned to some account; but it is a very expensive way to fatten animals, remember that.

"Another source of waste is the 'left overs'; our cooks do not estimate carefully; for that reason they have a good deal of their food uneaten. Some of this might be served again in various forms if they stopped to study how, but most of it is left to grow stale or sour.

Serving the Meals.

"Still another source of waste comes from improper serving of meals. In comparatively few homes are foods served temptingly. Any way seems good enough for some people. One of the things most needed is higher standards along these lines. If culture doesn't demand it, then waste of

money should be strong enough incentive to make us take greater pains with our meals.

"It makes all the difference in the world to one's appetite—the way a dish is set before one. The food may be just as well cooked in one case as the other. If it be piled before one in a hasty, not to say slovenly style, the appetite sinks. To serve the same food daintily in proper portions is to add a tempting relish.

The Feeding of Children.

This point is especially important as regards children. Their table manners one of the surest signs of good or bad breeding—are largely the result of this serving of meals. Their health too, is to a great extent dependent upon it. You must have observed how whimsical are their appetites—how they often dabble over their food and waste most of what is set before them. Much of this might be avoided by care in serving them, by giving them smaller portions, and training them from the first in proper table habits.

Variety in Foods.

"There is one kind of false economy in this food matter, that many people practice. I mean lack of variety in foods. Many homes have plenty of food, but no variety. Their diet seldom changes. The result is they half starve in the face of abundance. What we must learn is the fundamental truth that 'man cannot live by bread alone.' This is applied now literally. The human body would die on a bread diet. It is not economical to hold strictly to a simple unvarying bill of fare. Even a chicken knows better than that. What we should study more is food values from an energy producing standpoint. Cheap foods, remember, are often the very dearest.

"The buying of foods, too, is very important. What to buy in wholesale quantities, what to store for winter, the 'canned goods' extravagance—a

volume of things might be said on these points.

Then the care of foods—the refrigeration of milk, butter, fruit, etc. A good many chapters might be written on this theme. People are woefully careless about their cellars especially. Do you know there is no other food so ready to catch and carry disease as butter and milk; yet thousands of homes invite disease every day by their careless handling of these foods. It is inexcusable.

"I am very glad to feel that your Parents Classes are beginning an earnest study of these vital problems. What has been said by me is, of course, only a few practical hints along the line towards better things. But if these thoughts will stimulate your study or suggest a few of the many phases of this great subject that may be considered with profit, you are welcome to the thoughts. I am sure that every domestic science teacher will be glad to help your Parents' Classes further this work. There are hundreds of successful home-makers, too, that can give much practical wisdom along these lines. It is a cause that should bring splendid returns to every home."

LESSON OUTLINES.

NOTE. These outlines are intended only as suggestive. Let the supervisors enrich them by adding such other propositions as will bring forth a successful discussion.

I. Reducing the Kitchen Drudgery.

1. What three things would you name as first essentials in kitchen construction?
2. How large should a kitchen be?
3. Discuss briefly these features of the kitchen: (a) Floor, (b) Walls, (c) Windows.
4. What most makes for order in the kitchen?
5. Why is it an expensive process to make the kitchen serve as a living

room, laundry, etc., in the home? How may these things be avoided?

6. What can be done in most homes towards bringing the kitchen up to date.

7. Resolved that the cost of remodeling our kitchens, or of building them properly will be saved every year in time and energy.

II. First Principles in Kitchen Management.

Discuss the following suggestions:

1. Order is the housewife's first law.

2. A helpful husband is half the battle.

3. Working to time—How far is it practicable.

4. How to do half a hundred mother duties and keep a clear head.

5. Turning wasted children energy to account.

6. Resolved that every boy should be trained to cook.

7. It is said that the laws of Greenland require every girl to prove her ability to cook, sew, and keep house before she shall be allowed to marry. Discuss the wisdom of such a measure.

8. A well managed kitchen is the first essential to a happy home.

III. Reducing the Grocery Bill.

1. Brigham Young is reported by an old pioneer to have said, "If a man has a million bushels of grain he has no right to waste a kernel." Apply this doctrine to the careless practices of today in food waste.

2. Discuss these topics: (a) The cost of poor and careless cooking; (b) 'Left overs'—how to reduce them—how to use them; (c) The cost and danger in unclean cellars. Care of perishable foods; (d) The canned goods habit; (e) What things are best to buy in wholesale quantities?

3. Is there any practicable, co-operative plan of food buying, which, if adopted, would materially reduce home grocery bills?

IV. *Table Habits.*

Consider under this lesson the following:

1. High standards at meal time—their importance.

2. Serving meals—the proper and the practicable.

3. Training children in table manners.

4. "Meals at all hours" in the home. Their cost to mothers. The correction.

5. No meal is a feast without good cheer. What produces it?

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

"Jesus the Christ."**Lesson 31. The Last Passover Night.**

The Feast of the Passover was one of the principal if not the most important of the Jewish festivals. According to the Mosaic law, the lesson of the feast was to be perpetuated by instruction from generation to generation (Exo. 12:26-27). The Passover festival originated in Egypt while the Israelites were in a state of bondage. (See Exo. chap. 12). The festival was observed from year to year as a perpetual commemoration of a special blessing. It was to be marked by the use of unleavened bread. The teacher should explain that unleavened bread could be made in haste, whereas bread containing yeast or leaven required time for the dough to rise before the baking. The prescribed use of unleavened bread on the occasion of this annual festival reminded the people of the fact that at the time of the institution of the Passover their forefathers were hurriedly starting out on a long and toilsome journey. Another feature of the Passover feast was the eating of the flesh of the paschal lamb.

On the occasion to which our present lesson refers, the last Passover feast of which our Lord would partake was near at hand. Some of the disciples,—more specifically the apostles,—came to Jesus asking His wishes in regard to the preparations for the observance of the Passover feast. In accordance with His directions they prepared the paschal meal. This was

the last meal in which Jesus and His disciples joined; and doubtless it was a sorrowful assembly. The paschal lamb was prepared in an upper room in the house of a citizen of Jerusalem. In the evening Jesus and His disciples retired to this room and took their places at the table. As they ate He told them that one of those present would betray Him. This announcement caused profound sorrow, and each one asked, mentally if not audibly, "Is it I?" Our Lord very plainly indicated His knowledge that Judas Iscariot, one of the chosen Twelve and the treasurer of the apostolic company, would be the betrayer.

After the conclusion of the meal Jesus took a loaf of bread which He broke according to the custom of the times, and upon which He pronounced a blessing by prayer. He then gave it to the apostles, telling them to eat it in remembrance of His body. Then taking a cup of the weak wine, which in that country was used as a beverage, our Lord sanctified it by a spoken prayer, and then asked the apostles to drink of it in remembrance of His blood which would soon be shed for the sins of the people. Thus was instituted the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The emblems—bread and wine—were typical and representative of the body and blood of our Lord then soon to be sacrificed according to the great plan of redemption.

After the supper, and while Judas Iscariot was arranging for the betrayal of our Lord, Jesus and His apostles left the house in which the paschal

feast had been celebrated, and went to the Mount of Olives, more specifically to a secluded spot known as the Garden of Gethsemane. Here Jesus separated Himself from the apostles, going away from them to pray. Peter, James, and John accompanied Him near to the place of prayer; the other apostles were left behind. We read that He was exceeding sorrowful, "even unto death." He asked the selected three of the chosen Twelve to watch while He prayed, so that none of His enemies might come and disturb Him in His devotions. He prayed in anguish of soul while His physical agony was so great that His body was covered with a bloody sweat. His petition was: "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me:"—so terrible appeared the sacrifice He was required to make. But note the conclusion of His prayer,—"Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done" (Luke 22:42). When He came back to the three apostles, Peter, James, and John, whom He had left to watch, He found them asleep. He mildly reproved them, especially Peter who had so strongly declared he would not leave his Master even in the face of death (Matt. 26:40). Jesus left the three and prayed again; then going back He found the apostles once more asleep. A third time He went and prayed, and then returning to the sleeping three, He told them that they might sleep on and take their rest as there was no need of further watching since He was about to be betrayed into the hands of His enemies. Judas Iscariot came as the guide of a hostile party; and Judas Iscariot betrayed His Lord with a kiss. Jesus the Christ, the Savior of mankind, was in the hands of His enemies.

Lesson 32. "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

Immediately following the sad scene of betrayal considered in our last lesson, in the course of which Jesus had been taken into custody in the Garden of Gethsemane, our Lord

was led away by the officers who made the arrest. He was first brought before Annas, the former High Priest and father-in-law of the acting High Priest (John 18:13); He was then sent to Caiaphas, the High Priest. The Sanhedrin, or great Jewish council, composed of Scribes and Elders, was then in session though irregularly so, since Jewish law forbade the council to sit on a capital case during the hours of night. It is evident that the majority of the council were in favor of putting Christ to death and so sought for witnesses against Him. After long search they found two unprincipled men who perjured themselves in an effort to bring Jesus to the cross. These declared that our Lord had said He could destroy the temple and build it again in three days. This was a manifest misrepresentation of His utterance, (see John 2:18-20) for when He uttered the words referred to He had spoken of His own body, calling it a temple of God and saying that it should be raised in three days. During all these scenes Jesus remained humbly silent; then the High Priest called upon Him speaking authoritatively in the name of God, and requiring an answer whether Jesus was the Son of God. Our Lord answered in the affirmative declaring that the Son of Man should thereafter be seen sitting on the right hand of power. Before the prejudiced minds of the council these assertions were sufficient to sustain the charge of blasphemy; so the High Priest rent his robe,—a sign understood by the people to mean that the dread offense of blasphemy had been committed; thereupon the council at once adjudged Jesus worthy of death.

Soon after day-break Jesus was taken, bound as a malefactor, to Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, before whom the Jews accused Him. Pilate questioned Christ but found nothing to justify the action of the people against Him. At this juncture the governor received a warning from his wife, who testified that she had had a dream and

that she knew the man Jesus to be innocent and just. Pilate washed his hands in the presence of the Jews, thus testifying that he was not a party to the unjust accusation. The Jews responded with the cry: "His blood be on us and our children" (Matt. 27:25). Luke tells us (Luke 23:7) that when Pilate learned that Jesus came from Galilee, he sent the prisoner to Herod, the chief officer of that province, who was at that time in Jerusalem. Herod and his soldiers had wicked sport with Christ, and after ridiculing and insulting Him, sent Him again to Pilate. But even then Pilate was unwilling to grant the impious demands of the people and declared that Herod had failed to find evidence of guilt. Moreover, Pilate reminded them that it was customary at the Feast of the Passover to release unto them a prisoner. There was at that time in custody a noted criminal, one Barabbas, charged with robbery, sedition, and murder. Seemingly with a desire to check the blood-thirsty rage of the people, Pilate asked whether he should release unto them Jesus or Barabbas. In their wicked rage the people clamored for Barabbas and demanded that Jesus be crucified. When Pilate protested that Jesus had done nothing worthy of death, the people cried the louder "Crucify Him." Furthermore, they shouted that if Pilate released Jesus he would prove himself disloyal to the Roman emperor, Caesar. Thereupon Pilate yielded to the clamor of the Jews and gave the order for the crucifixion of Christ.

In this connection it must be remembered that the Jewish court represented by the Sanhedrin had no power to inflict the death penalty.

Lesson 33. Death and Burial.

Immediately following the sentence of death passed upon Christ by Pilate, as considered in our last lesson, Jesus was conducted to the place of execution. The locality was known as Calvary or Golgotha—"the place of the skull." Here Jesus was crucified.

The teacher should carefully avoid going to the extreme in the matter of detailing the horrors of the crucifixion; on the other hand the essential facts of the dread event should be impressed upon the pupils. It should be explained that crucifixion was regarded as an ignominious mode of execution, fit only for convicted criminals of the baser sort. In that day crucifixion was regarded much as is hanging as a mode of judicial execution at the present time.

Two malefactors suffered death at the same time and place, one being crucified on the right and the other on the left of Jesus. While in the midst of His sufferings, Jesus prayed to the Father to forgive those who were torturing Him, saying that they did not know what they were doing. One of the malefactors crucified alongside was penitent, and to him Jesus made the promise that together they would be that day in paradise. Many of the officers and people who stood about added to their perfidy by taunting Jesus, demanding that if He was the Christ He should save Himself. It was customary when criminals were executed to put on the cross a placard stating the nature of the charge for which the victim was executed. Pilate prepared a placard in the case of Christ and had it written in Greek, Latin and Hebrew—"This is the King of the Jews" (Luke 23:38). This is the meaning of the popular abbreviation which now appears on Catholic figures of the Christ "J. N. R. J."—or, inasmuch as the letter "I" is used as an equivalent of "J"—"I. N. R. I."—"Jesus of Nazareth, King (rex) of the Jews."

Observe that the sacrifice of Christ was voluntary and love-inspired. Even in the depths of His agony He was thoughtful of His mother, and commended her to the care of His disciple, John.

Immediately following the crucifixion, darkness fell over the land. The veil of the temple was rent. This veil was a curtain separating from com-

mon view the portion of the temple known as the holy of holies, into which the High Priest alone could lawfully enter, and he only on special occasions. At the time of the dread tragedy on Calvary, this veil was rent asunder by some invisible power, and the sacred place was laid bare. This is generally considered as a sign that God regarded the place as desecrated and the rites of the temple as of no future avail.

Toward the close of the day the body of Jesus was removed from the cross. Through the kind offices

of Joseph of Arimathea and of Nicodemus, the latter one of the Jewish council who had previously sought to defend Christ against unjust charges, the body of our Lord was placed in a new tomb. The burial was hasty owing to the approach of the Passover Sabbath on which it would not be lawful to leave a crucified body unburied. The tomb was sealed and a guard was appointed to prevent any possible removal of the body. (See Matt. 27:62-66 and 28:11-15).—J. E. T.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Book of Mormon Lessons for November.

(Prepared by Bertha Irvine.)

LESSON 31. MINISTRATIONS OF ALMA THE YOUNGER.

Reference: Alma, chapters 4, 5, 6 and 8:1-6. (As our next lesson deals with events in the life of Zeezrom, it is suggested that our present lesson end with the labors in Melek, and this will leave more material for the lesson on Zeezrom.)

Time: 6th to 9th year of Judges.

Place: Zarahemla, Gideon, Melek (see notes.)

The 26th verse of the 3rd chapter of Alma gives us an idea of the immense loss of life among the Nephites and Lamanites during the fifth year of Judges, showing the great cause for mourning at the opening of the sixth year. The loss of property was also great, and the people were very much humbled, and therefore in a condition to be brought to serve the Lord.

Chapter four might be read in the class as the lesson text. Note the quick change from humility to pride and the cause of it. The teacher, however, must needs read the 5th, 6th,

7th and the beginning of the 8th chapter in order to follow Alma in his self-imposed mission in Zarahemla, Gideon and Melek. Make a study of the words he spoke in Zarahemla (in chapter 5), and to the people of Gideon (in chapter 6), and have read in class the strong testimony he bore in both places, found in 5:45-48 and 6:7-13.

Alma's unselfishness in giving up the Chief Judgeship so that he might devote himself to the ministry is the crowning act in a great character. The political office was no doubt the one with a salary attached (see Alma 11:1-3), and honor also came to him from all classes because of it, while as High Priest he was held in esteem only by the faithful members of the Church, and at that time there were many unbelievers. (Instance: Alma 8:12-13).

NOTES.

Gideon.—An important city of the Nephites, situated in a valley of the same name on the eastern side of the river Sidon, and not far from the City of Zarahemla. It was named in memory of the aged patriarch slain by Nehor. It continued to be an important city until it was destroyed, with many others at the time of Christ's crucifixion, but no account is given of the manner of its destruction.

Melek.—Situated west of the city of Zarahemla and south of Ammonihah.

Nephiah.—The years that Nephiah judged the Nephites were of great material progress. Many new cities were founded, and a wide stretch of country reclaimed from the wilderness. He died in B. C. 68, having, according to the historian, "filled the judgment seat with perfect uprightness before God."

LESSON 32. ZEEZROM.

Reference: Alma, chapters 8 to 12; Story of Book of Mormon, chap. 24.

Place: Ammonihah (see note).

Time: 10th year of Judges; 82 B.C.

The people of Ammonihah were believers in the doctrines taught by Nehor. Recall Nehor and his teachings, (Alma 1:3, 4), in order to be better acquainted with the obstacles Alma and Amulek had to meet in preaching the true gospel to that people.

The story of the meeting of Alma and Amulek, in chapter 8, is a most interesting one, and many instances of like character might be cited for illustration, showing that the Lord has often prepared the way before His servants.

It seems that in this lesson we have to do with Zeezrom only in the part he played in opposing the servants of God, while the more pleasing events of his life are to be covered in later lessons. He was a prominent lawyer, or judge of the law, as described in Alma 11:1-20, and his questions were put with a view to catching Alma and Amulek, so that he might bring them to confusion.

The dialogue between Amulek and Zeezrom (chapter 11, say, verses 21 to 30) might form an interesting feature of the class recitation if one pupil were appointed to take the part of Amulek and one of Zeezrom. The words of Alma to Zeezrom (12:3-6) should be particularly noted.

Mark the difference in the spirit of the questions of Zeezrom before and after his heart had been touched by the Spirit of God.

The setting of this lesson may be made a very important feature of it. Imagine the great multitude of richly dressed people surrounding the two servants of God; their scoffing countenances; their pleasure in Zeezrom's sneering questions, and their displeasure at the answers of Amulek, until his words called forth their astonishment and later caused them to tremble.

It is left for our next lesson to bring out more fully the effect of the teachings of Alma and Amulek and the treatment the missionaries received at the hands of the people of Ammonihah.

NOTE.

Ammonihah.—A western city of the Nephites, near to the cities of Melek, Noah and Aaron. It was inhabited almost exclusively by the followers of Nehor, and was notorious for the wickedness of its inhabitants. The year after the visit of Alma and Amulek, the Lamanites suddenly attacked and utterly destroyed the city by fire. All its people were burned, in fulfilment of the prophecy of Alma. It lay desolate for a number of years.

LESSON 33. A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

Reference: Alma chapters 13 and 14.

Time: 10th year of reign of Judges —B. C. 82.

Place: Ammonihah.

Alma's appeal to the people of Ammonihah (13:21-30) shows the anxiety that filled his heart for their salvation. Read and consider it in the class. Point out what might have been their condition had they heeded the prophet's words.

The 14th chapter gives ample material for a lesson. The scenes in it are full of life and movement, and of deep interest. The deliverance from prison is of course the climax of the story, showing how the power of God may be manifested through the faith of His servants; other instances might

be cited to illustrate this part of the lesson. (See Acts 5:18-20; 12:5-7; 16:22-32).

Compare the condition of the be-

lievers who were burned to death by the wicked people of Ammonihah with that of those who perished through the falling of the prison walls.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Mormon and Moroni.

After Christ was on this continent and for more than two hundred years, the people were righteous. But in course of time they dwindled into unbelief and wickedness. This was the condition that prevailed when Mormon and Moroni lived; and it grew rapidly worse till the Nephite portion was actually destroyed.

When Mormon was ten years old, the Prophet Ammaron told him that at the age of twenty-four he should take up the sacred records which were buried in the hill Shim. The very next year Mormon's father moved to South America, where the young man had an opportunity of witnessing the beginning of the final struggles between the Nephites and the Lamanites. Mormon, who had evidently shown much skill in battle, was chosen, when fifteen years of age, one of the chief captains of the army. He was not much encouraged, however, by their actions; for being a good man and deeply religious, he was grieved that his soldiers boasted in their own strength and not in God's. The Nephite armies were driven through the Isthmus and a number of years later found themselves facing the dreadful front of the Lamanites near the hill Cumorah. Here the final and fatal battles were fought—battles which utterly annihilated the Nephite nation.

Prior to this, however, Mormon had removed the records of the nation from their hiding place in Shim to Cumorah, and made an abridgement of them, which he named the Book of Mormon. Before engaging in the last battle, he

delivered the record which he had made with his own hands to Moroni, his son, with the hope and prayer that Moroni should survive the destruction of his people. This Moroni did. He finished the record, and told the mournful story of the decline and fall of a vast and once powerful people. The last days of Moroni, as he wandered alone from place to place trying to escape the vengeful strokes of his enemy, include some of the most pathetic scenes in the Book of Mormon record.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell the story of this lesson. Mormon 1-9, Moroni 1-10.
2. What was the condition of the Nephites according to IV Nephi?
3. Give an account of Mormon's boyhood days, and of the Nephites during that time. Mormon I.
4. Give an account of Mormon as a general and name the treaty made between the Nephites and the Lamanites. Mormon II.
5. What were the causes and the results of Mormon's resignation? Mormon III.
6. How did the Nephites succeed without Mormon? Mormon 4.
7. Give an account of Mormon's last efforts as general. Mormon 5, 6, 7.
8. What great literary work did Moroni do? Ether I.
9. Tell what was in each of the letters written by Mormon to Moroni? Moroni 8-9.

THE RECORDS OF THE JAREDITES.

We have already spoken of how Limhi obtained certain plates found by his people while searching for Zarahemla, and of how Limhi gave these plates to Mosiah. These were the rec-

ords of the Jaredites, which were handed down with the Nephite records till they reached Mormon and Moroni. Moroni, you already know, made an abridgement of these records, which he named the "Book of Ether." The object of this lesson is to abridge Moroni's abridgement.

Jared and his brother, Mahonri Moriancumr, left the Tower of Babel at the time of the confusion of languages, journeying across land and water till they arrived on the promised land, and settling in the land of Moron probably somewhere in Mexico. They had a varied experience. Their nation became great; there was a constant struggle between the rightful kings and the usurpers. Prophets, at times, came among the people but were put to death by the wicked kings. They developed the arts and sciences, and made all kinds of agricultural implements. Finally, Coriantumr, no doubt a descendant of the brother of Jared, became king. Shared came up against him and gave him battle. The Prophet Ether lifted his warning voice to Coriantumr, telling him that if he would give up his ambitious desire he would become the undisputed king of the nation. If he would not do this he should be the one man left to witness the entire destruction of his people, and another people brought here by the Lord to occupy this land. In a series of battles Coriantumr succeeded in killing several opposing generals; but Shiz, the brother of Lib, swore in his wrath that he would drink Coriantumr's blood to avenge his giant brother's death, and to prove Ether's prophecy false. Several times Coriantumr took part against Shiz. They fought for many days until many were

"drunken with anger" and their numbers were reduced to 69 on the side of Shiz, and 52 on the side of Coriantumr. Another struggle reduced their numbers to 32 and 27, and they struggled on till only Shiz and Coriantumr were left. The former had fainted from the loss of blood, the latter leaned on his sword to rest. Then Coriantumr took Shiz by the hair and severed his head from his body. Coriantumr, relaxing, fell to the earth overcome with fatigue. Ether, the prophet, went forth and wrote the record of the downfall of the Jaredites and left it where Limhi's people afterwards found it. Coriantumr, recovering and wandering for many days, found the people of Mulek who left Jerusalem when Zedekiah was taken captive, lived with them "nine moons" and died a fulfiller of prophecy.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell the story of this lesson. Ether 1-15.
2. Give an account of Jared and his brother leaving the tower. Ether 7:2.
3. Give an account of the voyage of Jared and his colony and their history until the appointment of the first king. Ether 6.
4. Briefly state the contents of Ether 7.
5. Give an account of the treachery during the reign of Omer, Ether 8; 9: 1-14.
6. Give an account of the agricultural development and the famine. Ether 9: 15-35.
7. Trace the history of the reigning and the captive kings from Shez to Com. Ether 10.
8. Give the contents of Ether 11.
9. Give an account of Coriantumr, the mighty man who overthrew Moron, (Ether 11:17) and Shared. Ether 13.
10. Trace the battles of Ether 14.
11. The last days of Coriantumr, Shiz and the Prophet Ether. Ether 15.

Little minds are tamed by misfortune, but great minds rise above it—I Irving.

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A Morton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Amy Bowman.

Note.—The attention of Primary Department teachers is called to the treatment of "The Story Period" by Sister Phoebe M. Welling, under the Kindergarten Department of this issue (page 607), and also the story of "The Old Oak Tree," in the Children's Section.

The lessons up to this point in this year's work are easily connected with each other, and the children get an idea of the chronological order of events; but in the lessons for November and December, unless the teacher uses the greatest care in presentation, the children will begin the Life of Christ without the faintest notion of the fact that they are studying the same people and the same places, only at a later period. It is also well to keep before them the fact that the people were looking forward to the time when the Savior should come upon the earth. This information, this connecting link, can often be given in the introduction.

In order that a lesson be understood by a child it must touch his experience. If conditions in the lesson are foreign to his experience, these conditions must be made clear, either before the story begins or in the story itself. The term "sons of the prophets," the uses to which oil was put by the Israelites, and the custom of taking men as bondmen in case of debt, need explanation.

Lesson 31. Elisha and the Widow.

Text: II Kings 4:1-7.

After King Solomon's death the kingdom was divided and two kings reigned in Israel. These kings forgot the Lord, both the kings and the people turning aside into wickedness. The prophets warned them that if they did not repent their enemies should have power over them.

Elisha was a prophet in Israel who was trying hard to get the people to serve the Lord. In this work he had a great many helpers—men who

studied and worked with him for the good of the people. These men were called the sons of the prophets. One of the sons of the prophets died and his widow went to Elisha, saying: "Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord: and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen."

It was the law in that country if a man got into debt and could not pay, the one whom he owed, the creditor, made the man or his son his servant, or bondman, for a great many years. So because this woman's husband was in debt her two sons would be taken from her to become bondmen. The woman's heart was full of sorrow for the loss of her husband, and now she must lose both of her sons. She knew Elisha was a prophet of God and that he could help her in her trouble. So she went to him for help.

"And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me: what hast thou in the house? And she said, Thine handmaid hath not anything in the house, save a pot of oil."

People in that country used a great deal of oil. They used it to anoint the body. They used it in their food. So that oil could be readily sold. So when the widow said she had nothing, save a pot of oil, Elisha said, "Go, borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few."

"And when thou art come in, thou shalt shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons, and shalt pour out into all those vessels, and thou shalt set aside that which is full."

They did as Elisha commanded. They went to the neighbors and borrowed many vessels. Then closing the door the widow took up the pot of oil and began pouring the oil from it into the pot which her son brought to her. When it was full it was set aside

and another was brought. One vessel after another was filled, and still the oil came pouring out of the pot, until the woman "said unto her son, Bring me yet a vessel; and he said unto her, There is not a vessel more."

When the woman looked upon all these vessels each filled with oil her heart was full of gratitude to her Heavenly Father. She went at once to Elisha. "And he said, Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest."

Memory gem: O, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good.

Lesson 32. The Healing of Naaman.

Text: II Kings 5:1-16.

In this lesson a description of the city of Damascus, of the homes with their rooms opening upon a court with trees, flowers, and a fountain, will add much to the interest, because it will make a definite setting for the lesson. The family Bible contains some information on Damascus. A blackboard sketch showing the plan of the house and the court would help the child's mental picture of conditions so unlike our own. Whenever conditions so different from those in which the children live can be introduced into the lesson, the teacher has at hand an easy approach to the child mind, for children demand something different. They are interested in the new, the strange.

The teacher might begin this lesson by telling of the location of Syria, just north of Israel, and that the king of Syria and Israel were often at war.

Naaman was the captain of the Syrian soldiers. He was a man honored by the king because he was a great general, but he was a leper. It is only necessary to give the children an idea of the seriousness of this disease that the miracle of healing may be understood, but it is unnecessary to even speak of the loathsomeness of the disease.

Naaman lived in Damascus, one of

the cities of Syria. A brief description of the city should be given. Then a typical home may be described as Naaman's home and in this home lived a little Israelite maid. Making the home individual will add materially to the reality of the lesson setting.

How the child came to be there, away from home and friends should be brought out, showing her courage in trying her best to help those about her. Her perfect faith is shown by the words—"for he would recover him."

A vivid picture of the Syrian captain in his chariot, with his servants and horses traveling so many miles to give the letter from his king to the king of Israel may be drawn. His reception by the king. Elisha's message "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." Naaman's wrath, then his compliance and conversion may be told in about the Bible language.

Naaman's words, showing his faith in God may be used as the memory gem. "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel."

Suggestive questions to be asked after the presentation of the lesson:

How did the little maid of Samaria show her courage?

How did she show her faith?

Why was Naaman unwilling to obey Elisha at first?

How did he show his gratitude after he was healed?

What did he say to Elisha that showed that he knew who healed him?

What power healed Naaman?

How can we be healed?

Lesson 33. Elisha's Kindness to his Enemies

Text: II Kings 6:8-23.

The weapons of war that are used today are so entirely different from those that were used in Bible days that a short talk with the children needs to precede this story. No cannons or guns were used and pictures of swords, bows and arrows, spears, and espe-

cially the chariots should be shown to the class. These pictures are to be found in the large family Bibles, and may be roughly sketched on blackboard or paper, and explained to the children. If they are told where these pictures can be found they will often turn to the Bible themselves to see them.

Wherever possible the Bible text needs to be related to the children's experience; for instance, in the beginning of this story we are told, "Then the king of Syria warred against Israel." This means nothing to the average primary child but it may help him to understand it if Syria and Israel are compared to two countries of today.

The story continues by the king saying, "In such and such a place shall be my camp."

The camp needs to be described as vividly as possible making comparisons with the encampment of an army of today with which the children are more or less familiar.

Elisha sent a warning unto the king of Israel telling him just where the Syrians were encamped. When the king of Syria saw that his position was discovered by his enemy, he thought some of his own men must have turned traitors and told the Israelites for "he called his servants, and said unto them, Will ye not shew me which of us is for the king of Israel?

"And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O king: but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber."

Ask the children how Elisha could tell what this king was doing when he was not near him, and lead them to see that it was through the power of a prophet with which God had blessed him that he was able to see what was happening and many things that would happen.

The king sent spies to find out where Elisha was. When they returned and told him Elisha was in a city called

Dothan the king determined to send thither and take him.

Verse fourteen is another splendid opportunity to help the children to get a vivid mental picture. Discuss with them the march of this great army with horses, chariots, soldiers, and baggage through a rough, country with poor roads, then the surrounding of the city by night, and the fear and consternation of Elisha's servant when he saw early the next morning what had happened. In despair he cried, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?"

Elisha's answer is full of absolute faith and knowledge: "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

In telling Bible stories it is well to use the language of the text as much as possible.

"Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see." When the young man's eyes were opened he saw the wonders which Elisha could already see, and here again we have another beautiful picture.

The children need to be told that the blindness with which the Lord smote the army in answer to Elisha's prayer does not mean that he closed the eyes of all those soldiers, but he made them so that they did not know where Elisha was leading them until they found themselves in Samaria in the country of their enemy, the king of Israel.

When the king of Israel saw them there in his power he "said unto Elisha, My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?"

"And he answered; Thou shalt not smite them: wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master."

This and the following verse teach the beautiful lesson of Elisha's forgiveness of his enemies without any preaching from the teacher. If a teacher is in doubt as to whether the children have grasped the point so clearly brought out in this story, she

might ask, "What do you think of this treatment of his enemies by Elisha?" and let them express freely *their own*

opinions uninfluenced by those of the teacher.

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, Chairman, assisted by Beulah Woolley and Elmina Taylor.

[Kindergarten teachers everywhere in our Sunday Schools will be glad to learn that Sisters Beulah Woolley of Liberty Stake and Elmina Taylor of Granite Stake, both able kindergartners with special training and experience in day kindergartens as well as Sunday School, have been appointed to assist in the work of the Kindergarten department. We have full assurance that with the aid of our sisters the work of this department will be prosecuted with more energy and better appreciation of children's needs than ever before.]

OUTLINE FOR NOVEMBER.

- 1—Picture Day. Aim: The Lord Blesses and provides for those who serve Him.
- 2—The Birth and Childhood of Samuel. Text: I Samuel 1, 2, 3. Aim: Thanksgiving and gratitude should be shown in deeds as well as words.
- 3—The Pilgrims. Aim: The same.
- 4—The Ten Lepers. Aim: The same.

OUTLINE FOR DECEMBER.

- 1—The Birth of Christ. Text: Luke 1:26-56; 2:1-7; Matt. 1:18-25. Aim: The more we love the more we give.
- 2—The Visit of the Shepherds. Text: Luke 2: 8-20. Aim: The same.
- 3—The Visit of the Wise Men. Text: Matt. 2: 1-12. Aim: The same.
- 4—Optional Christmas Exercises. Aim: The same.
- 5—Children's Christmas Review Day. Aim: The same.

[The work which follows has been prepared through the courtesy of Sister Victoria Reed, supervisor of Granite Stake, and Sister Phoebe M. Welling of Granite Stake.]

NATURE WORK.

The previous month's aim, "The Lord blesses and provides for those who serve Him," is closely connected with the aim for this month—"Thanksgiving and gratitude should be shown in deeds as well as words." God's providence, seen everywhere about us, may be beautifully worked out in connection with both aims.

All things have been preparing for winter and God has been caring for all and preparing rest and shelter for them against the cold of winter days. The farmer—father—has been at work getting food for us—let children tell of his work; mother's work, children suggesting—both have been working for us. Animals

too, have been working for us—the horse, cow, sheep. We help to protect them in winter, so does our Heavenly Father by giving them warmer coats. The flowers have been blooming, the little plants and trees have been growing and yielding fruit to give man food. Each has done its best to do the work which our Heavenly Father required of it, and so He cares for them, too, in winter. See "The Kind Old Oak," in Children's Section.

MEMORY GEMS.

"For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything His goodness sends,
We thank the Heavenly Father." —Garland.

"Jack Frost will soon cover the little brooks
over;
The snowflakes are up in the sky
All ready for snowing—
Dear Autumn is going!
We bid her a loving 'Good-bye.'"
—Emilie Pousson.

SONGS.

"Loving Mother"—Hill, p. 74.
"Tis God our Heavenly Father"—
Hill, p. 26.

"God's Care of All Things"—Hill,
p. 16.
"Thanksgiving Song"—JUVENILE
INSTRUCTOR, Oct., 1910.

"In Autumn."

STORY FOR ILLUSTRATION.

See "How Patty Gave Thanks," JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Oct., 1910, and
"Robby's Thanksgiving," Nov., 1910.

Words by R. J. Weston.

IN AUTUMN.

Music by Mildred J. Hill.

Vigorously.

1. The North Wind came a - long one day, So strong and full of fun; He
2. They ran in crowds, they ran a - lone, They hid be-hind the trees, Till

f

called the leaves down from the trees, And said "Run, chil-dren, run!" They
North Wind, laughing found them there, And called, "No stopping, please." But

came in red and yel-low dressed, In shaded green and brown, And
when he saw them tir-ed out, All cuddled in a heap, He

tains, but not nearly so high. As He came near the town He heard someone calling Him by name. He turned around, and there were ten men coming towards Him. They called out, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." They did not come right up to Him, but stood off at a distance. But Jesus could see that they were very sick, with a dreadful disease, and so they had to live out there in the hills away from everybody, or they would make other people sick also. There was no doctor in the whole world that could make them well. But these men knew that Jesus could. They had seen Him coming and so called to Him.

As Jesus looked He felt very sorry for them, so He told them to go and show themselves before the priests. The priests were men who worked in the temple. The ten men obeyed. And as they walked away Jesus caused that they should become well and free from the sickness. When they came

before the priests, the priests saw that the men were well. Then they told the people that they need not be afraid to let these men live among them, for they were well and clean. So the people came up and walked and talked with them. How glad they all were!

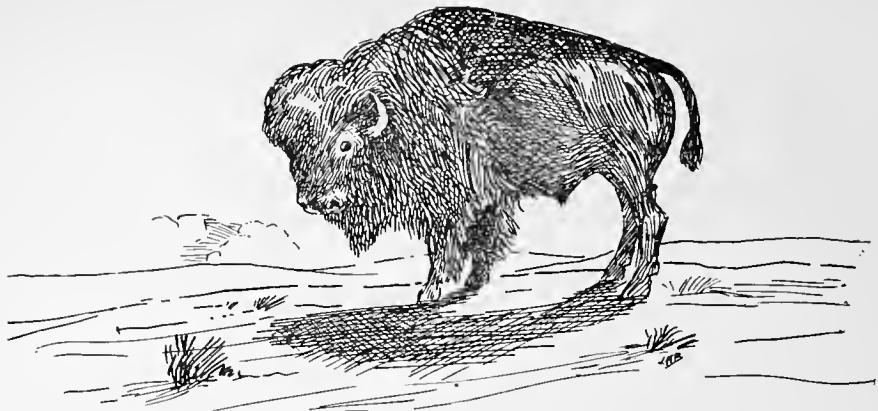
And these men were so happy when they found that they could go home and see their little boys and girls again that they hurried away and forgot all about thanking Jesus.

All but one. He came back, and kneeling down before Jesus, he bowed his face to the ground and praised the Heavenly Father and thanked Jesus over and over again. He wanted everyone to know how thankful he was to Jesus for making him well.

Jesus asked about the other men, and when He found that they had gone away without thanking Him, He felt very sorry. But He was pleased with the one that did, and we know our Heavenly Father also was pleased.



CONTENTMENT.



The Ancient Monarch of the Plains.

By John Henry Evans.

When the wagon train stopped for noon that day, Joseph was quick to catch the suggestion in the air that the company was to have a buffalo hunt.

First of all, things were done with more despatch than usual and less noise. Then, too, as soon as the cattle and horses had been turned out to grass and the hasty midday luncheon eaten, a group of men gathered around Captain Nettlesome in grave consultation.

The boy, approaching this group of men, found that they were discussing the best means of organizing the hunt. Rodney Wilson had just returned from a tour of inspection of the country ahead to see what the prospect was for replenishing the company's meat supply, and had reported that there was a herd of perhaps two hundred buffaloes not far away and another one of several hundred a mile or two beyond. It was the first hunt of its kind that the men had ever had occasion for.

It was finally agreed that the hunters should divide into three companies—one to take the centre and move towards the buffaloes, and the other to take the left and the right wing, so to speak, and thus insure a greater number of animals. Cows and calves it was understood, should be first sought for, as being more edible than bulls. Light wagons, driven by the younger

men, should be in easy requisition, for the huntsmen were figuring on a heavy bagging.

Joseph was wondering how he might take part in this big hunt. Nobody even noticed his presence, let alone read his mind—though even that would not be a very difficult task for one who had once been a boy himself. As soon, however, as the men had gone, he undertook to follow them on foot.

He was making haste over the grass and brush with the object of at least keeping the huntsmen in sight, when the Captain came along, a lone occupant of a light wagon, in which it was intended to carry home some of the game.

Now, Nettlesome and Joseph had not been on the friendliest terms. For one thing, his mother would never allow Joseph to take a turn as night guard. There was nothing that a boy of ten could do that she would not willingly let Joseph attempt. But she very properly drew the line at night watchman. In consequence of this, Captain Nettlesome left no occasion unimproved to speak in sarcastic terms of that "petted child." And then whenever he got a good opportunity he would admonish the boy against the perils of being a "sissy," always pointing with high words of praise to Tom

Kinnersley, a lad of thirteen, who ran errands for the old gentleman.

"Look at Tom there," he would say. "There's a model for you. Trustworthy! Why, you can depend on him to do anything."

The Captain's notion of juvenile worth, very evidently, was identical with trotting about in his service, for the cheap reward of a pat on the head and a, "You'll be a man before your mother yet, my boy!"

Joseph had no more idea that the Captain would speak to him, or even notice his existence; than he had—oh, of an airship, which would not be perfected for sixty years. He was astonished beyond measure, therefore, when Nettlesome said—

"Going to the hunt, Joseph?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied.

"Well, then, jump up here with me on this seat."

Joseph had a momentary doubt as to whether he ought to accept or not. He could conceive no other motive in his aged friend than to avail himself of another chance to urge the boy on the flowery path to manhood and the shedding of his sissyhood. But then there was the buffalo hunt, and he guessed, after all, that he could stand a lecture if only he might get nearer the buffaloes. So he clambered up into the seat by the Captain's side.

"I'm driving this wagon," Captain Nettlesome explained, in a surprisingly confidential outburst, "because I get tired quick in the saddle. I don't sit so lightly in the saddle as I used to do. Tom's coming along pretty soon with old Duncan for me to ride."

Joseph felt this cue, and prepared himself accordingly.

"There's a boy for you to pattern after, Joseph—a fine boy. They say," he went on with fine vagueness, "that you can't put old heads on young shoulders. That depends on the one with young shoulders, now, don't it?"

The boy thought it did.

"And trustworthy, too, you understand. Now, you put that boy to do

anything and he'll do it. There's no sissy about him."

He went on in this delightful strain till Tom appeared in person as definitely as he had been in spirit these long, dragging minutes past. Then with infinite pains the old gentleman got down from the wagon and up into the saddle.

"You're to stay here, Tom, till I come back, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, see that you do. You're a model for some folks—I hope you understand that, too?"

"Yes, sir."

With this ambiguous compliment the Captain was off.

Joseph also was off, but not in quite the same direction as Mr. Nettlesome. While he was riding with the Captain presumably drinking eagerly the instructive words that fell from his companion's lips, his keen eyes had been with real eagerness, scanning the country with a view to discovering its high places. He thought he saw to the west, running north and south, what appeared to be a ridge, and towards this he now made his way. It proved to be a rise in the ground, but, what was even better, there was beyond it as far as the eye could reach, a level considerably lower than the tract of country over which he had been going. And what was best of all, there was the herd of buffaloes away out there with the three groups of hunters near in ready to fall upon them when they should start.

For it seems that before this, three huntsmen had been delegated to go north of the buffaloes and endeavor to scare them toward the three groups of men. Presently here they came with their heads down, tails up, and great lumbering gait.

The huntsmen rushed upon them, but they, seeing the trap, broke in a south-easterly direction. The men soon overtook them, however, most of them having fast horses, and each man singled out his animal. The choice having been hastily made, they rushed

up to the sides of the huge beasts and fired upon them.

That was practically all that Joseph was able to see. For presently buffaloes and horsemen were enveloped in a cloud of dust. The dust cloud, however, moved westward pretty soon and another scene appeared.

He could not make it out distinctly, but it seemed that three buffaloes, most likely giant bulls, were at bay before one of the brethren. But not for long, for in a few minutes two others ran to his assistance. The three surprised the animals and fired at them. They bolted ahead. Now one of the men set in after one of the buffaloes. He was about to head it off, when they all three pitched into him. Then he was at bay, and had to be helped by the other men. At last, however, one of the buffaloes came down and after a while the other two. In a few minutes more and there was nothing to be seen on the plain in front of Joseph but an occasional black speck and the returning riders.

When Joseph was on his way back to the camp, towards evening, he was overtaken by Captain Nettlesome again and invited to a seat in the wagon. A little farther on they came up to a lone huntsman on foot, who had been unhorsed in the chase. He, too, was invited to ride.

"Where's your buffalo meat?" inquired the man of the Captain.

"Buffalo meat!" the Captain exploded. "Buffalo meat, did you say?"

"Yes, I thought Tom brought this wagon out to get a load of meat?"

"Tom—darn the boy! Don't mention his name to me! The most unreliable youngster I ever saw!"

Both the man and the boy stared incredulously, especially the boy.

"Why, what's he been doing?"

"Doing? What hasn't he been doing, you ought to ask. I took this rig out there myself, put these very lines into his hands and begged him to stay in that place without moving. Joseph here heard what I said. And what do you think he went and did?"

"He didn't shoot the horse and set fire to the rig, did he?" inquired the other in the most innocent sort of way. For, to tell the plain truth, you had only to look upon Tom's expansive face to know that he was not the most intelligent boy in the world.

"I'm not joking, Brother Dean—not I," the Captain answered. "Why, the minute I got away the boy drove off towards the lower group of hunters. I didn't see him, but they told me after I'd gone back to the place where I left him, and tramped all over creation till I'm plumb tuckered out."

Brother Dean laughed heartily on the outside, Joseph laughed as heartily on the inside.

"I tell you, Brother, it's no laughing business. I'm plumb disgusted. What kind of a story do you think he put up for the men when they asked him what he was there for?"

This was another conundrum which his companions promptly gave up.

"Told 'em I'd sent him over there to come back—the idiot! And the more they disbelieved him, the harder he stuck to it. I want no more of *him*," he added with a suspicious emphasis on the last pronoun. And then turning to Joseph, he said—

"You c'n supplant him in my affections!"

But Joseph had his own notions about this flattering invitation.

After that the conversation swung round to the buffalo hunt. It had been great sport.

That evening was spent in dressing the meat and hauling it to the camp. The next day being Sunday, all were busy cooking and curing their meat.

But one circumstance had served to give considerable alarm Saturday night. One of the brethren was missing. He turned up, next morning, however. He had killed a three-year-old cow in the hunt and had watched it all night, gun in hand, to keep the wolves from eating it. A number of wolves came upon him. He shot and killed one. The rest ran away.



THE NEW BABY.



The Kind Old Oak.

It was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they did not like the cold. There was no green grass in the fields and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens. Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. At the foot of an old oak tree some sweet little violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," they said, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of cold."

"Do not be afraid, little ones," said the oak, "close your yellow eyes in sleep and trust to me. I have been so thankful for your cheerful little faces through the summer. You have made me glad many times with your sweetness. Now I will take care that the winter shall do you no harm."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep feeling very thankful that they had such a dear good friend; they knew that they could trust the kind old oak. And the great tree softly dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them, until they were all covered over.

The cold winter came, with its snow and ice, but it could not harm the little violets. Safe under the friendly leaves of the old oak, they slept and dreamed happy dreams, until the warm pleasant rains of spring came and waked them again.—*Little Flower Folks.*

What They Saw at the Zoo.

By Florence L. Lancaster.

THE MONKEY-HOUSE.

The Zoo closed at dusk, which would creep on a-pace, but they *must* see the Monkeys, and Owen hastened to escort his cousin to the house wherein a large variety were kept. Lofty cages were fitted with rope-ladders, wheels and revolving perches contrived for the active, whimsical creatures' amusement. Specimens of various species were mostly from India and Africa. Amongst them were Monkeys all grey, or blue-faced or pink-faced, Monkeys in dark-slate costumes, or Monkeys whose fur was bright yellow at the back, and whitey-grey underneath. Some of them had bright-glancing brown eyes a-beam with intelligence. Around one large cage a throng was gathered, from which came shouts of laughter. Mildred and Owen, peering above some small boys' heads, saw that a Sooty Mangabey (the darkest Monkeys' tribal name) had stolen a man's cane. It was crooked, tipped at either end with shining metal, and this to the Monkey seemed to suggest the association of silver paper around chocolate, for he tried to pry it up with his nails, varying the efforts with attempts to bite it. Then, after some hap-hazard jerks and experimental twistings of it, he managed to pass the cane against his back, holding it under his elbows with a quaint suggestion of an old

farmer, which occasioned fresh laughter amongst the crowd. Another Monkey, however, espied the shining knob from behind, and clutched it, absconding up the rope-ladder, where he bore the new treasure to the highest rung. The stick often changed hands as a Monkey dropped it, or one of the fraternity managed to wrest it by feat of strength or subtlety from another. Happily none of the Monkeys seemed to have any notion of its use as a weapon, so that no assault was committed in the tussles to obtain the prize.

swinging on the rope-ladder, holding with one arm, while the other two squatted like miners on the cage-floor, absorbed in twisting straws, now and then half-glancing at the visitors with a look of consummate indifference. The bodies of the Chimpanzees were remarkably human-like, and in their low-browed, squat-nosed, physiognomy was a suggestion of plebeian content. "They look like a family-party on the Old Plantation," Mildred remarked. Owen said that the Chimpanzees reminded him of east-end costers on a Sunday afternoon.

Adjoining the family party was a solitary Baboon, an ugly creature with a Dog-like muzzle. Solitary confinement seemed to have affected its disposition, for it snapped its jaws and ground its teeth in a menacing manner as its cage was approached. Mildred offered the creature a lump of sugar, which it eagerly received in its paw, and ate slowly, as if to make the sweet morsel last as long as possible.

In the farthest corner were two black-haired Apes of the Gibbon kind. These were smaller than the others, but having arms of remarkable length in proportion to their bodies. They were lithe-limbed and alert, their swift sudden movements full of grace. At opposite corners of the Gibbons' cage were two small troughs, something like the soap-dishes that sometimes hang in kitchens. One of the Animals went often to the trough at the rear, shaking it, and bringing out his empty hand in disappointed expectation. Presently there went by the cage a man with a hose, which he was using to water some plants on a stand outside the cage. He playfully turned the hose onto the Gibbon, and the Animal bounded to refuge on a tree-stump that centered his home, whence he viewed the assailant in triumph. By and by came an attendant who entered the Gibbons' cage. Into each of the empty troughs he placed an equal share of bananas, apples and nuts. Each Gibbon forth-



A BUFFALO.

THE ANTHROPOIDS.

Now must be paid a visit to the house where dwelt the large tailless Apes or Anthropoids.

Here were the Monkeys whose formation was said to resemble man more closely than that of any other animal. One creature, four feet in height, its body covered with coarse, red hairs, was engaged in affectionately rubbing the head of its mate through the iron bars which separated them. These two were specimens of the Orang Outang kind. Their tremendously long arms and great overgrown hands, together with their human-looking ears and finger-nails, reminded Mildred of a picture she had seen of primitive beings called Cave-Dwellers. In the next cage were a happy trio of Chimpanzees. One of them was nonchalantly

with sought his trough and commenced an avid meal, jerking his limbs in gusto as he ate.

The keeper delivered supper to the rest of the Apes. Into the Chimpanzees' were thrown fruit, green-stuff and bread in three equal portions, the cage not fitted as in the case of the Gibbons with receptacles. The Chimpanzees partook of some of the fruit, but bread and greens were for the present left disregarded. A quantity of straw was now brought to the big Monkeys' cages, and a blanket thrown to each Ape. Chimpanzees, Gibbons and the rest thereupon proceeded to "make the bed," piling straw into a corner and elaborately shaking it; then, the straw arranged to its satis-

Now somewhat tired of limb, but their minds full of thoughts of all that they had seen, the boy and girl made their way out of the Zoo.

Mildred felt that now more than ever was she an Animal Lover. Her heart went out in sympathy and admiration to the simple races that man had dominated, *each with a wonder and beauty of its own*. She loved them all, from the blithe Sparrow to the poor lone Baboon, and felt the sublime truth of the words:—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

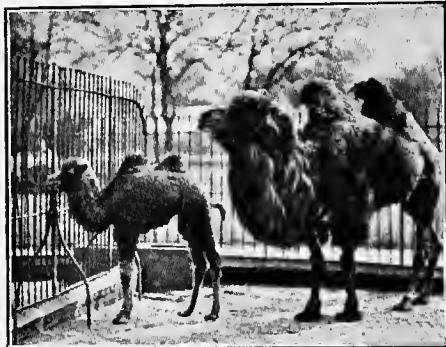
Doctor Sun.

All the cold, dark winter little "Tuckie"—as Uncle Harry half laughingly, half tearfully nicknamed him when he came and found him snuggled up in a wee bed—had been ill, so ill that often they were obliged to 'phone for kind Dr. Goodhelp to come and make him better. But the hardest part of it all for the little invalid was that he had to be shut away from the great out doors for which he never ceased to yearn and hunger.

But now it was the merry month of May, and Tuckie, almost well, was wandering joyfully around the beloved garden where one by one his beautiful flower friends of last summer were drowsily wakening to the call of the Year's morning. They were all about as pale and droopy looking as the afflicted boy, himself, so long had they snoozed languidly under the snowy coverlets of Mother Nature.

The delighted lad now moved from one "beauty plant" to another renewing his last season's acquaintance with a loving touch, a word of sympathy, or a look of admiration. Suddenly he bent anxiously over a flowerlet that weakly hung its pretty head.

"That one looks about done for, doesn't it, Tuckie? We'd better throw it out," said Uncle Harry, who was



BACTRIAN CAMEL AND YOUNG.

faction, the Ape lay down and composed itself to slumber, drawing over it the blanket "Like,"—as some one amongst the spectators remarked—"a poor relation in the casual ward."

Now was heard the loud tinkling of a bell, and keepers' voices were crying "All out." Mildred and Owen bethought them of the Polar Bears, and ran as fast as they could to their quarters "just for a glimpse." In a large pit at the bottom of a flight of stairs they could just see two white-coated forms beside a tank. The White Bears were reclining lovingly together, the head of one resting on the other's flank.

going about with his small favorite today, cleverly pretending to be the hired man that he might scratch around the flowers, straighten them up and do any necessary labor to spare the convalescent.

"No, no," cried Tuckie quivering with pain at such a suggestion. "It is my dainty white Narcissus and is not dead, but, oh, it does look so sick," this with deep pity in his voice then opening his great dark eyes wide with a new thought he laid his hand on the man's with the startling words,

"Uncle Harry, it just needs a Doctor to make it better!" The gentleman smiled curiously then stooping down to the level of the wee florist, he said gently,

"My little Tickie knows that Dr. Goodhelp's pills and powders could never save a tiny life like this, doesn't he?" The child waved his hand impatiently.

"Of course I do," he said scornfully. "I do not mean our kind of 'physican, I was thinking of Mother Nature's doctor—The Sun."

"Whew!" whistled the astonished "grown-up," "now you're talking some, Tuckie, lad, I believe you're right, though, my little sage, "Here he examined closely the sickly sprout, "a bit of sunshine would straighten it up dandy. But how can we put in a call, there's no telephone wires running up to old Sol, and we cannot signal, for that great cloud family seems to have taken up their permanent abode in front of him," said Uncie as he and his nephew looked fondly into the dull, grey cloud-strewn sky. "If the "mist house-hold" only knew how badly we needed a right of way to the heavens, I suppose they'd be obliging enough to move off a while." He chatted, striving to indulge his pet in this as in all other notions. However, at this moment, the man was called away and the youthful gardener was left to solve the problem alone.

"If the huge cloud family only knew," echoed Tuckie, sorrowfully, "my lovely flower might yet live." For a moment he was in a brown study.

"I'll tell them," he cried as a new thought struck him, "you don't need telephone wires to talk to the 'lements, cause the air goes in—in waves, my science teacher says, that carries our words awful far—I guess they're God's telephone system," he mused.

Then the child, wiser than his elders, looked trustingly into the sky, and undismayed by the vast mess of vapor which grew blacker each moment, told the pathetic story of the declining flower-baby which was surely dying for want of the services of nature's famous healer, and mentioned hesitatingly how he, too, was pining for the warm and cheering presence of the the sky's hero.

Well, if you will believe it that mammoth dark cloud family heard the sad words of the thoughtful, fragile child and were so touched and grieved over the pitiful tale that they wept themselves to death. Tuckie ran into the house while their great tears fell, but presently in the far corner of the living-room where he lounged, a soft light broke upon him—he knew it at once and ran gaily to the door.

Sure enough there was the good old doctor with his kindly face, (the clouds had forwarded the call for help), and quicker than wink he responded bringing his glorious remedies of light and heat, to cheer and heal every living thing, and especially restore the trusting boy's charge.

One day a short time after when Uncle Harry and Tuckie were walking through the garden they beheld the charming Narcissus putting forth a blossom, modestly offering it to the Sun.

"Ah! grateful little flowerlet," laughed Uncle Harry. "Already paying your doctors bill with your own beautiful handiwork!" which speech made Tuckie laugh until he cried.

Pinky-Winky Stories

C LIP, clap! went the  and out came a Pinky-Winky Pumpkin. "The Pinky-Winky An illustration showing a man in a straw hat and a child in a bonnet standing in a garden. The man is holding a long-handled tool, possibly a pitchfork or a hoe. In the bottom right corner of the main illustration, there is a smaller rectangular inset showing a close-up view of the man's hands as he works on the ground.



grew and grew, and tried to be as big and round and yellow as it possibly could, because it was going to be something wonderful. And at last, one day, out



came Jim the hired man with his scythe and basket, and he cut off the stem and popped it into the basket and took it in to Mother Biggs. And Mother Biggs cut a hole in it with a knife and took out the pulp, and beat and mixed and baked, and lo, there were five, six beautiful pumpkin pies! 'I knew I was going to be something wonderful!' cried the pumpkin. But that was not the secret. Oh, no! Little Billy took the pumpkin next, and cut three more holes in it, like this. . . ." Snip, snap! went the scissors, and there was the Pinky-Winky Pumpkin with three more holes in it. "And when night came," said Uncle Billy, "little Billy put a lighted candle inside, and there was a wonderful Pumpkin lantern, with



eyes, nose, mouth, shining in the dark! 'I knew I was going to be something wonderful!' cried the Pinky-Winky Pumpkin. 'Just look at me now! Hurrah!'"

The Children's Budget Box.

My Dog.

I have a little curly dog
That's colored black and white;
And when the summer comes along,
He prowls around at night.

And when we go upon a hunt,
He always comes along;
And when we go to bed at night,
He tries to sing a song.

And when the moon comes peeping up,
He sets up quite a howl;
And makes a dismal mournful noise,
That sounds just like an owl.

Stewart Udall,
Age, 11 years. Eureka, Utah.

Willie's Prize.

One bright day in April, Willie and Jim were in their garden planting seeds.

"What are you going to do with the money you earn from the vegetables?" asked Jim. "I will buy a doll for sister," said Willie, "she hasn't had one for a long time."

"I am going to buy a water gun. I can have a lot of fun with it," said Jim.

By and by the seeds began to sprout. Finally the vegetables were ready for market.

The boys put the vegetables into the express wagon and took them to market.

When they got their money, Willie purchased a doll from one of the toy shops which he gave to his sister Nell.

About a month later Willie came trotting into the yard on a Shetland pony which his father had given him for being so generous.

Stewart Udall,
Age, 11 years. Eureka, Utah.



Roosevelt Avenue, Salt Lake City,
Age 13. Photo by Nellie Kooyman.

The Winds.

When the cold North Wind blows,
Hushed is the babbling brook;
Gone are the sweet birds all,
And for Spring we look.

When the rainy East Wind blows,
Mists come in from the sea;
Life takes a duller hue,
And we tread wearily.

Come, sweet wind from the South,
Bring the song-birds here;
Waken the sleeping flowers,
And bring all pleasure near.

Blow, blow, then, O West Wind,
Sweep the clouds from the sky;
Clear the drear from the earth;
And raise the sunlight high.

Then blow, all winds as you will,
Come from we know not where;
Go, as the sunlight goes:
Through the cool, still air.

Estella Hansen,
Emmett, Idaho.
Age 13.



Nellie Kooyman,
Age 13. Salt Lake City.

A Midnight Frolic.

One time five little green-coated frogs lived in a large pool. A great snake also lived there. The little frogs had been warned never to go near its home, and to never go to the pool at night. But one lovely night these five little frogs had gone to the pool for a frolic. They were perched on a long log ready for a dive, when a large snake came creeping up. He took the youngest one by surprise and alas! He served him for supper. Only one escaped, and he was a very wise frog after that.

Cora Hunter,
Age 12. Union, Oregon.
Box 60.

The Old Garret.

The garret is old. One may see the unfinished chimneys, the big brown rafters and on bright days the dancing sunbeams stealing in among the shingles. The laughing summer showers beat down upon the old gray roof and sound like the patter of many feet. The rain slowly makes its way down between the shingles and trickles down the brown laths inside.

On one side is an old carpet, a little odd table, and a rocking chair that we used to play house with.

How we love the old garret and how

many happy childhood days have we spent, playing there with our old playthings, which we had such a hard time carrying up! It has protected us many years and now we feel safe under its kind protecting care.

Remona Clegg,
Age 12. Heber, Utah.

COMPETITION NO. 19.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.
Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

Rules.

Competition will close Nov. 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.**Answer to August Puzzle.**

The commandment hidden in the sentence published in the August number is "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

Correct answers have been received from

Zetta Laney, Kamas, Utah; Leo Nielson, Union, Oregon; Ermine Dalley, Summit, Iron Co., Utah; Jos. Einzinger, Montpelier, Idaho; Clara Lillywhite, Box 325, Brigham City, Utah; Miss Lydia Allen, Box 176, R. F. D. No. 1, Vineyard, Utah; Pearly Johnson, Byron, Wyoming.

Double Beheadings of Great Men in History.

By Zetta Laney, Kamas, Utah.

Doubly behead:

1. One of the Presidents of the United States and leave a small insect.

2. A Pioneer of 1775 and leave a number.
3. An explorer of about 1775 and leave a close vessel.
4. A great statesman and leave an English poet.
5. A Missouri Congressman and leave a conjunction.
6. A great general of the Civil War and leave a vowel.
7. A general in the battle of Missouri in 1861 and leave a hard transparent substance.
8. A great Secretary of State and leave a division.

For the best ten answers to the above puzzle, we will award appropriate books.

Answers must be in before Nov. 1st, 1911.

Address: Puzzle Editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Jocular Mood.

Till Then.

"Will you be mine?"

"Yes, till we are married."

"Till we are married?"

"Yes, then you'll be mine."—Toledo Blade.

Informed.

Small brother—"Are you going to marry Sister Ruth?"

Caller—"Why—er—I really don't know, you know!"

Small brother—"That's what I thought. Well, you are!"—Life.

Her Distinction.

A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."

A bright girl replied, "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."—Harper's Bazaar.

Unnecessary Advice.

"My husband is particularly liable to seasickness," remarked the lady passenger. "Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?"

"Tain't necessary, mum," replied the captain, "he'll do it."—Mariner's Advocate.

Comparative Speeds.

"Waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever been to the Zoo?"

"No, sir; why do you ask?"

"I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit and watch the tortoises whizz by."—The Tattler.

Easy.

Physician—"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

Patient—"Yes, doctor. It hurts me to breathe. In fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician—"All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that."—Good Housekeeping.

Cowardly.

"When I arose to speak," related the martyred statesman, "some one threw a base, cowardly egg at me."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked an attentive listener.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the

statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Solved.

Small Billy (at seashore)—"Can't I have a ride on a donkey?"

Mother—"No, darling. Father says not."

Small Billy—"Why can't I have a ride on a donkey, Mother?"

Mother (to father)—"Oh, for goodness' sake, David, give him a ride on your back to keep him quiet."—Path-finder.

Superior.

Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a "little fib."

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly—"No, it's not."

Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nellie—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man and he knows more about lying than your father does."—United Presbyterian.

A Legal Mind.

Harold, aged nine, came home one day so bruised and dirty that his mother was thrown into a state of marked perturbation.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, in horror. "How on earth, my child, did you get your clothes and face into such a state?"

"I was trying to keep a little boy from getting licked," was Harold's virtuous, if hesitating, reply.

"Well, that was fine!" said his mollified parent. "I am proud of you, sonny. Who was the little boy?"

"Me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

True Courtesy.

A story about Mrs. Taft has recently amused Washington society.

Mrs. Taft, at a diplomatic dinner, had for a neighbor a distinguished French traveler who boasted a little unduly of his nation's politeness.

"We French," the traveler declared, "are the politest people in the world. Every one acknowledges it. You Americans are a remarkable nation, but the French excel you in politeness. You admit it yourself, don't you?"

Mrs. Taft smiled delicately.

"Yes," she said. "That is our politeness."—Washington Star.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE BOY PROBLEM.

By L. M. Cross.



The boy is one of the most wonderful things in the world, and he is one of the least understood of all God's creatures. Even men, who at one time in their existence were boys, do not know how to treat him, or what to do with him.

He was born into this world just as his dad before him was. He has got to tread in the well-beaten paths of his ancestors, and sail on the same stormy waters that his father sailed on. He has inherited the same nature and disposition that father did, except that he has in him the added virtues and vices that his father has created by his own life.

Up to eight years of age he is a veritable interrogation point. Long before that period of his existence he begins asking questions; he wants to know about everything—what is it? and why is it? He is in a strange world, the paths and ways are new to him, he wants to know about it.

One of his first questions is: "How did I get here?" He asks it of mother and father, and is met with frowns and exposures for daring to ask such a question. Their repellent manner doesn't silence his questions and he is determined to have his answer from somewhere, he cares not what source. His school companions are sought and he gets the information that he asks for. But, oh! how does he get it! In a language made wretchedly filthy by impure lives and thoughts, he is told what God never intended should be regarded as unclean. And thus his whole idea of the sacred relations of home is shamefully distorted. The name of "Father" and "Mother," which should be hallowed with the tenderest and sweetest memories, arouse in his imagination only thoughts that are disgusting.

Is this an over-statement? Is the picture overdrawn? You know it is not.

Here is another picture more pleasant to look upon; it is one of a father, with his boy on his knee, telling him sweetly and tenderly the sacred history of birth, of how he grew under his mother's heart, of the sweet sacrificing suffering of mother; and when the tender truth is

told, how he runs into the outstretched arms of mother and buries his face in hers, and tells her: "Mother, now I know why I love you so, and why you love me."

The boy is satisfied because he has heard the truth simply and sweetly and he has received a lesson that will deepen his affection for his parents and write the indelible lines of a pure life upon his countenance when he reaches manhood.

The writer never knew that one of the sweetest stories ever told can be made of the story of birth to even a little child, until he read Dr. Sylvanus Stall's book: "What a Young Boy Ought to Know," which has taught him, as it has thousands of other parents of a boy, the God-given way of teaching boys.

"What a Young Boy Ought to Know" will be sent postpaid to any of our readers for \$1.00. It is a wonderful book, and tells the parent just how the mystery of birth can be told in the sweetest and purest language imaginable. Address Deseret Sunday School Union, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The fourth issue of that book of unparalleled success and the joy of thousands of children, "Caldwell's Boys and Girls at Home" is full of new stories, and of the 160 odd illustrations more than a third of them are in color. The publishers, H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston and New York, in preparing this new volume have spared no efforts in not only maintaining the high standard but improving upon its predecessors and have provided everything of the best that the world of art, literature and commerce can give to children. This book should be on every child's book shelf. Price, \$1.50.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store has a force of clerks who are constantly reading and selecting books. The aim is to have in stock only "Good Books;" that is, books that your children can read without receiving any harmful impressions, books that will benefit them. All books mentioned above can be obtained through our book store at the publishers' prices.



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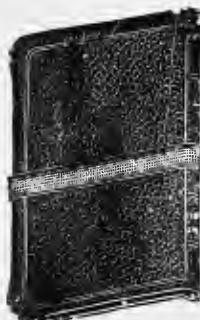


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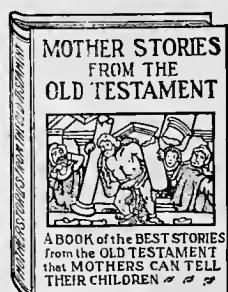
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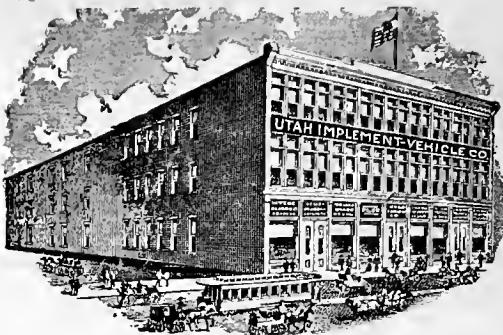
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